THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED KURTZ, Editor and Proprietor. TERMS: $2.00 a Year, in Advance.

VOLUME XV. CENTRE HALL, CENTRE CO., PA., THURSDAY, JUNE 15, 1882. NUMBER 24.

Twenty Bold Mariners.

Twenty bold mariners went to the wave,
Twenty sweet breezes blew over the main,
All was so hearty, so free and so brave—
But they never came back again!

Half the wild ocean rose up to the clouds,
Half the broad sky scowled in thunder and rain,
Twenty white crests rose around them like shrouds,
And they staid in the dancing main!

This is easy to sing and often to mourn,
And the breaking of dawn is no newer to-day;
But those who die young or are left forlorn,
Think grief is no older than they!

—*Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, in Our Continen*

My Daughter Louise.

In the light of the moon, by the side of the water,
My seat on the sand and her seat on my knees,
We watch the bright billows, do I and my daughter,
My sweet little daughter Louise.
We wonder what city the pathway of glory,
That broadens away to the limitless west,
Leads up to—she minds her of some pretty story
And says: "To the city that mortals love best."
Then I say: "It must lead to the far away city,
The beautiful City of Rest."

In the light of the moon, by the side of the water,
Stand two in the shadow of whispering trees,
And one loves my daughter, my beautiful daughter,
My womanly daughter Louise.
She steps to the boat with a touch of his fingers,
And out on the diamonded pathway they move;
The shall p is lost in the distance, it lingers,
It waits, but I know that its coming will prove
That it went to the walls of the wonderful city,
The magical City of Love.

In the light of the moon, by the side of the water,
I wait for her coming from over the seas;
I wait but to welcome the dust of my daughter,
To weep for my daughter Louise.
The path, as of old, reaching out in its splendor,
Gleams bright, like a way that an angel has trod;
I kiss the cold burden its billows surrender,
Sweet clay to lie under the pitiful sod;
But she rests, at the end of the path, in the city,
Whose "builder and maker is God."

—*Homer Greene, in Our Continent.*

COLORADO MADGE.

The sharp silver horn of the clear curled moon—hanging so low in the marvelous sky of Colorado, it seemed you might tiptoe up and touch it from the hilltop—slid hastily down behind Pike's Peak on this evening, as if it did not like to see what was about to happen.

This was in the earlier days of Colorado, when miners slept on their newly discovered claims. A wall of rock and debris from the mine made a sort of fortress against the savage and the storm.

This mine here at Boulder Canon was a new discovery—the richest, the most marvelously rich that ever yet had been found. But as all this has been said of nearly every discovery, these glaring adjectives add but little to the outline of this crude little sketch. This claim, like all other fearfully rich ones, was also for sale. That was why it was so rich. That was why all sorts of people from all sorts of places came straggling in through the narrow passes left in the walls to where Colonel Bill Williams and his friends grouped about their pine knot fire under the stars of Colorado.

Old Kit, the last of the trappers, a withered, dried-up old man, ready to blow away like a leaf into the river of death—a man who had held possession of all this land of gold long years before—sat moodily aside smoking his last pipe of tobacco. Suddenly he started up, or rather half undoubled, with his hand to his ear.

"What's that?"

"Guess you've got 'em agin, Kit."

"Got 'em again? It was a woman, I tell you. But I forgot, you new fellers can't hear like old Mountain Kit. Yes, thar it is again! Ingin women in yonder! Ingin women in trouble. Somebody's after 'em," muttered the old man, as he again doubled up and silently sucked his pipestem.

"Shouldn't wonder. Snagly, the agent, is redhot after Madge, you know," squeaked out the little doctor.

"Yes, Madge and her old mother have got away from the Reservation again," growled Ginger.

"And is he goin' to take Madge back?' queried Kit, sympathetically, as he again half-undoubled and shuffled forward.

"Take her back, if it takes the whole United States army," said Ginger, savagely.

"Poor gal, poor gal!" mused the old trapper. "Why her father, boys, was white. Yes, white as—as—well now, he was white as the whitest. And as for Madge, why, she's whiter herself than that agent is."

The old man was full of rage, and stood almost erect.

"Now, you look here," and Ginger, like the bully that he was, came close up to the old trapper, "Snagly, the Indian agent, is a pard of mine in a tradin' post. And you just go slow. If he wants that gal he'll have her."

"Have her, will he? Well, not while old Mountain Kit can lift a fist, he won't. Now, do you just stick a pin there."

But, from the manner of the miners, it was clear that neither Madge nor any of her unhappy race had friends in that camp other than the old trapper.

Suddenly Madge stood, or rather crouched, as a hunted wild beast might crouch, right there in their midst. Of course she had come in through the narrow pass in the stone wall that had been thrown up there by the long, strong arms of the now resting derrick, but no one had seen her enter. She had come as silent and sudden as the moon had gone. Her limbs were as supple as the panther's—her footfall as light. She looked to be only a waif—a hungry, tired beggar. She had a spotted skin over her shoulder, a short, tattered petticoat hung from her waist; her feet were naked and a storm of hair hung and blew about her shoulders as she crouched there, looking back, as if she feared she was followed, trembling, starting, quivering, scarcely daring to breathe.

"Hello, Madge, what's the row now?"

The girl did not answer. The stern and unfriendly voice of Colonel Bill Williams and the half sneer on the faces of all showed her at a glance that she had not fallen among friends.

"Madge, why don't you claim to be white and stay with the whites? You have a right to do that, and they can't take you to the reservation at all," added the colonel, more kindly.

Should she open her proud lips to utter the scorn she felt for a race who could treat her and her people as they were treated? Should she stoop to say: "My mother is starving up yonder on the rocks only a stone's throw away, where she is hiding from the man-hunters." Did it need any words to tell these men that she would live or die with her mother and her mother's people?

"Say, Madge, you could get a job down at the Hurdy Gurdy house to sing and dance if you'd claim to be white; then you could get some clothes," urged the colonel as he looked at her thin, bare arms, while she still stood trembling, looking back listening, her nostrils extended, her pale lips set in silence.

Ginger, meantime, had risen and moved cautiously around toward the door or entrance through the great high stone wall, and, before she could guess what it meant, he stood between her and her beloved mountains. She was a prisoner. The hard, merciless man laughed wickedly as he threw his strong arm before her when she was about to spring past him and escape.

She had not spoken yet. But now she turned about, half threw up her hands in sign of submission, and for the first time stood erect.

She was tall, and, had she not been starving, she would have been strangely, savagely, fearfully beautiful. Had she been well clad and cared for, she would at that moment have looked the royal princess in body that she was in soul. But this wild rose, set thick with thorns, was only a bud that perhaps would never blossom.

These men all had seen her before. This canon, this land, these mountains were her home, her inheritance. She had played when a child with the shiny bits of gold and silver that these strong men were going mad over now. Her people had galloped their horses over all this gold for a thousand years. But now the white man had come and was digging, digging everywhere—digging graves for body and for soul.

Yes, all these men knew Madge very well—her pride and her recklessness. Not a man there that did not know how impregnable was this girl's virtue, how she scorned and despised them every one, too.

Ginger sat himself down on a rock near by the pass in the wall and waited for Snagly, the agent, whom he knew was after her and would soon be there. The girl moved about the inclosure dimly lighted by the flaring pine knots, but did not speak. This was a wild beast that had been caught in a cage. She was gliding about as if to try the bars, to see how to escape from the cage. At last her eyes fell on a little uncovered tin bucket back among the buffalo robes and blankets. She leaned over cautiously and looked at its contents. It was full of provisions—sandwiches and a roast fowl for somebody's supper. The girl glanced up toward the rugged mountain above her. Then she measured the height of the stone wall before her. Her black eyes gleamed with a terrible purpose. Her mother was starving up there. She was going to steal this, leap up and over that wall like a starving wolf and save her mother, who would die rather than surrender and go back to the reservation.

Old Kit, bent, broken, helpless, had sat all this time back obscurely in the corner; but his eyes, his every sense had followed and understood her. He came out from his place and sat between the flaring and fitful pine-knot light and the little tin bucket. But how could he help her, this man who could not even help himself? The girl did not seem to notice him, or indeed to see any one now. She stretched her long slender arms just once, as if to make certain that they were free; she drew the thong that girdled her a little together, put the storm of midnight hair back a little from about her piercing eyes, and that was all. She had not spoken one word. She had not even deigned to look at the man who sat keeping watch at the narrow little pass through the great ugly wall. Only old Kit seemed to suspect her purpose. The miners talked in little groups together about their mines. They had forgotten the girl was there. At length she seemed ready. She threw her hand up to her ear as if listening, looked up the ugly cliff above her where her mother was hiding and starving, looked hard at the steep and savage stone wall before her, and then darting down like a hawk she caught up the little bucket and leaped across the open space at a bound and on up the stone wall.

Up, up! She stops. It is too steep for her failing strength. The jagged quartz cuts her feet and hands till the white wall of rock is red. Her hands relax their hold on the sharp rock, and she falls back bleeding and bruised at the very feet of the man who had sprung forward from where he was keeping watch at the pass in the hall:

"Now, what do you mean?" called out the colonel.

"Told you so!" shouted Ginger, as he took her by the hair and forced her to rise.

"Injins will be Injins, boys," said the doctor, as he picked up and set aside the little bucket.

"Now, I guess you'll help me keep her here till Snagly comes, won't you? I seed you fellers lookin' dark at me as I sat there, you in particular, colonel. Well, now, don't you see I'm right. Injins is Injins. It's the cussed bad blood that's in 'em. The Injin will out every time."

"Yes, send the little cuss back to the reservation. Let Snagly have her if you like," said the colonel, as he brushed the dirt from a bruised knee and limped around to the other side of the fire. For he too had sprung up and tried to reach the girl when he saw her about to fall. But whether to help or harm was not certain to any one.

At mention of the reservation the girl became wild and desperate. She threw herself imploringly before the strong, bearded colonel and lifted her face as in piteous prayer.

"Well, what did you go and steal for?"

Still the girl did not speak. But now she could not lift her face. Her eyes fell to the ground and she stood mute, motionless—all bowed and broken before him as he accused her.

"Madge, if you hadn't stole my din ner; if you hadn't done that, Madge, I'd let you go. Yes, I would; hang it, gal, I'm sorry for you; yes, I am, and if you hadn't stole that little bucket, my gal, I'd a chucked that Ginger out of that door before two minutes more and let you go; yes I would, Madge. But you see now I can't, for you've stole."

The trembling old trapper staggered forward, and standing between cried wildly:

"She didn't steal! I stole it and giv it to her."

"What, you—you honest old trapper, Kit?"

"Yes, I—I old trapper Kit. Now let her go, won't you?"

"Yes, I will. Go, gal," and the man pointed to the pass in the ugly wall.

Just as he spoke there was a rattle of bootnails over the boulders in the little narrow pass, and Snagly, the Indian agent, followed by an officer of the United States army, and two men with manacles at their waists, entered the little inclosure. The Indian agent—the man hunter with the United States army at his back—stopped there and glared at her. The girl lifted her face now in silent petition to every man there. One after one, as her eyes met theirs, they turned away without a word, shaking their heads sullenly. Three centuries of hatred toward the Indian was in their blood.

"Caught at last, eh?" triumphantly chuckled the Indian agent, as he at length came forward, followed by the men with manacles at their waists. He stood before her, gloating at her utter discomfiture and helplessness. Now she should be his—his at last, body and soul.

She stood up, tall no longer. Her eyes had lost their luster, her long, bony arms hung down, low down, tired, so tired now. Her magnificence of hair mantled her. Her breast lifted a little. That was all. What could she have been thinking about?

The fire burned low at her feet. The stars above her—every one—came out stealthily, as it were, on tip-toe and peeped through the keyholes of heaven to see what the United States was doing there now under the vast free skies of Colorado.

"Caught at last, eh!" again ejaculated the brutal Indian agent, as he took one step nearer to the trembling child, as if about to lay hold of her.

"Caught, caught! Why, mon, you speak of her as if she were a dog for the pound." The brawny Scotchman who said this had just unrolled himself from a pile of blankets back under the other wall, where he had taken shelter after a hard day's digging. He was a foreigner, and of a race slow to comprehend. He was now for the first time, since the fugitive had entered the inclosure, getting pretty well awake.

The agent only looked at the stranger and then motioned his men to approach. The officer, who evidently did not like his work, was slow to obey his master, the Indian agent.

"Oh, save me from that man—from that man of all!" at last cried the girl, throwing herself before the kindly officer. "I will die rather than be taken. Oh, you did save me once. You did help me once to escape—"

"Quiet! You will betray me and ruin all. I dare not help you, Madge, where the agent is."

"But it is death to be taken. Oh, it is more than death!"

"Well, now, it is not so bad as that, Madge! If Snagly wants you, you go back," said Ginger, familiarly coming forward.

"But see how she trembles. This will kill her," protested the officer.

"Oh, she's just making out! Say, where did you sleep last night?" called out the red-headed ruffian.

The girl shrank from the monster and crouched before the stranger, as if he could help her. Then turning to the ruffian, she cried, as she threw her long, bony arms in the air, and pointed to the rocks above:

"Where was I last night? Up yonder on the high, rocky ledge, with my poor starving mother, hiding! hiding! hiding from him and his men! And there were rattlesnakes there in the rocks, rattling and hissing all night as we lay crouching, hiding, starving!"

"Poor, poor lass!" muttered the foreigner.

"Oh, why is this? You all can come and go at will. But I—I am hunted down like a wolf. Why is this?"

"Bah, you Injin, don't take on like that," sneered the agent as he again approached. "Come, your mother must go back to the reservation. Don't you want to go back, too?"

"I'd rather die!" and with an instinct that saw something kindly in the face of this quiet but determined foreigner, she turned to him again and pleaded, "Oh, sir, long, long ago my father lived and was rich in horses and gold in yonder mountains—long, so long ago it seems, for I was happy then, and oh, so wretched now! Long, long ago, and he loved me and called me Margie. But now, down at that reservation they mock at me when I pass and call me 'Madge, Colorado Madge, Injin Madge.' Oh, I could kill them—kill them, every one!"

The Indian agent in the name of the United States was growing angry and impatient. He began to fear that possibly this girl might move this man's pity, and somehow at last escape him. He advanced closer and roughly laid hold of her shoulder.

"Come, come now, I want to be gentle with you. But remember I am your lawful guardian and I must take you back. Come, go back peacefully under my protection."

The girl sprang from him and threw back her hair. Her whole form shook, but it was not with fear now.

"Your protection! Your protection! What is it? To see my mother's people stoken and perish on the deadly reservation with only the Great Spirit to heed or to pity them? To see a race of warriors die in savage silence while your Great Father at Washington and his chiefs about him hug themselves in happiness and boast to the world of peace and prosperity in the land Your protection! What is it? To see little children starve that you may grow rich! To see helpless women debased? To bear your insults, your persecutions? Yours, yes, yours! No! no! I'd rather live with the rattle snakes!"

"Now, look here, none of that! Remember, I don't take one more word of insult. So come. And come right along now."

The brute clutched her thin shoulder angrily, and threw her toward the two men with the manacles as he spoke.

But the girl sprang back to the side of the stranger, and, half hiding there as the agent again attempted to take her, cried out in her desperation:

"Don't you touch me! Don't you dare to touch me, or I will kill you!"

"Nae, don't you touch the lass! Don't you dare to touch her! If you do, begad, sir, I'll——" The mighty fist was in the air, but he was too angry to finish the sentence. He did not want to talk now. He wanted to fight.

Snagly, the Indian agent in the name of the United States, fell back before the lifted fist of the foreigner and the gleaming eyes of the half-crazed girl, and cried:

"Captain, I call upon you to enforce my authority. Arrest and deliver me that girl!"

"You wretch!" muttered the officer, between his teeth, as he drew his sword; then, hesitating, he let its point fall to the ground. Whether he had drawn his sword for the agent or the stranger was not certain.

"Oh, you will help me!" cried the girl to the officer.

"Madge, Madge! A soldier can only obey orders. Alas, the laws make this man my master. An Indian agent commands the army!"

Once more Snagly attempted to lay hold of the almost frenzied girl. But the man from under England's flag threw him back and turned to the girl.

"Come here, me lass!' And throwing one arm about her he shook his fist at Snagly. "You, stop there. There's the line! Now you cross that, and if I don't knock you down, dom me! No true Briton allows any innocent lass to be put in chains, whether she be red or black or white, and I am a son of bonnie Briton!"

"Well, son of Briton you may be, but this ain't British soil," shouted Snagly. The stranger started at this; he held his head in thought, and Snagly continued: "No, you ain't on British soil here!"

"Not on British soil. Not on brave old Britain's soil." The man said this as to himself, and then, slowly, tenderly, pitifully, lifting up the now almost prostrate child, he handed her toward the agent, saying: "Well, then, me poor lass, I'll have to give ye up. I can't save you, lass, I can't. Here, sir, take her. But please, sir, treat her gently. She's only a poor, friendless lass, sir. Treat her gently, I implore you!"

"Mind your own affairs and keep your advice to yourself," cried Snagly, as he again clutched the girl and threw her toward the men. "There! Iron her!"

The girl no longer resisted or remonstrated now. Her head bent very low. Meekly and mechanically her two bony little hands fell across each other to receive the cold ratting shackles. Her hair hung down about her bended face, as if to hide the blush of shame that mantled it in her captivity.

The mouth of Colonel Bill Williams had been working; had been watering to devour that monster, the agent of the United States. His hands had clutched till his finger nails nearly drew blood from his palms. But the rattle of chains now seemed to awaken him to a sense of the awful insult that was being put upon his country, his manhood and his presence. He caught up the nearest thing at hand—a pick that leaned against the wall; he dashed forward, throwing the men with their manacles to the ground, and roared with the voice of a Numidian lion as he cleared the way for the girl through the ugly wall.

"Well, if this ain't British soil it is God Almighty's soil, and you can't iron her! There, girl!—go, as free as the winds of Colorado!"

The girl started up with all the grateful remembrance of her race in the single glance she gave her deliverers, and she passed out, with her face lifted to the cliff above. And old Kit stood there as she passed, and adroitly forced something in her bony hand for the hungry mother on the rocky hill. Surely, with the contents of the little tin bucket went a God's blessing on her from the heart of every man there, save and except the agent of these United States and the cowering red-headed deputy.—*Joaquin Miller.*

An Incident of Frontier Life.

A letter from the Indian territory says: We had been riding some forty miles, and had twice crossed Grand river by ferry, and had arrived in the morning at the ford on Saline creek, near the great salt lick. The waters were falling, as was evinced by the line of sedge along the bank, but still ran in a swift and boiling current. What was easy for us was another guess matter for an outfit that came down to the bank just as we started to cross, and which waited until we climbed the opposite bank. It was one of the ordinary type of prairie travelers. In the words of the realistic Western poet, the chief object was "a dam-top wagon," one of the ancient sort, weary with age and hard service, with low bows and dingy covering. This was drawn by a couple of small horses in tolerably good condition. In the rear was a bell mare and foal. Led by a rope from the end was a cow accompanied by a calf, and the inevitable yellow hound dog completed the animals of the outfit. The man was tall and lank, yellow with fever and ague, and tanned to a rusty red by years of wind and sun. Long boots, flapping hat and belted waist were the characteristic portions of his attire. Withal there was a fire in his eye and a vigor in his carriage that indicated that he was not to be daunted by anything less than hopeless obstacles. The lady of the family sat in front, but her features were undistinguishable within the recesses of a dark sun-bonnet of portentious dimensions. Several two-headed children of graduated sizes were ensconced amid the household plunder behind her.

After a pause to examine the straps and chains, the driver mounted his seat and gathered the ropes that served as reins. With a whoop and a whack of the long hickory goad, down went the wagon into the bed of the stream, and the horses buckled to their work in the whirling torrent sweeping under their bellies and then along their sides. For half the stream they struggled along successfully, but in the deepest part the wagon stuck in spite of every desperate strain. Twice, to a chorus of yells and blows, they strained to their collars and turned up and down stream in their efforts; but the wagon refused to stir. It was a crisis. The wagon wheels were becoming embedded in the gravel. The calf and foal were swimming about their dams, and in imminent danger of being drowned. The man was equal to the occasion.

"Hold them ar' lines, Lucy."

And with that he was over the end-board, out on tongue, and astride the back of the near horse in an instant.

"Whoo-oop! Lay to it, you little fiends!"

The huge boots drove the spurs, the hickory goad was wielded with all the force of a strong arm, and with a fire of yells and oaths the horses buckled down once more, there was a struggle and the wagon lifted and rolled. With a few steps the depth diminished and the passage was secure.

Where He Saw Her.

Just before a Western bound train left the Union depot yesterday morning, a masher with his little grip-sack slid around to a woman standing near the ticket office and remarked:

"Excuse me, but can I be of any assistance in purchasing your ticket?"

"No, sir!" was the short reply.

"Beg pardon, but I shall be glad to see that your trunk is properly checked," he continued.

"It has been checked, sir."

"Yes—ahem—you go West, I presume?"

"I do."

"Going as far as Chicago?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ah—yes—to Chicago. I also take the train for Chicago. Beg your pardon, but didn't I meet you in Buffalo last fall?"

"No, sir."

"Ah, then it was in Syracuse?"

"No, sir."

"No? I wonder where I have seen you before?"

"You saw me enter the depot about five minutes ago with my husband, I presume!"

"Your husband?"

"Yes sir, and if you'll only stay around here three minutes longer you'll make the fifth fellow of your kind that he has turned over to the coroner this month!"

Some mashers would have made a run for it, but this one didn't. He went off on the gallop, and as he wanted to go light he left his grip-sack and a ton of brass behind him.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Can't a Wagon Have Two Horses?

He is a very small boy, just beyond the limits of babyhood. His precociousness is well recognized by those who know him, and sometimes people try to corner him in a logical way.

The other day some one took him up and asked him if he was not papa's boy.

He answered, "Yes."

"And are you mamma's boy, too?"

"Yes," replied Charlie.

"Well, how can you be papa's boy and mamma's boy both at the same time?' was asked him.

"Oh," replied Charlie, indifferently, "can't a wagon have two horses?"

The man of a few words is not unfrequently the speaker to hold forth the longest. Those few words he never tires of repeating.

FOR THE LADIES.

German Ladies.

In the richest German household the mistress superintends the kitchen and lends a hand to the cook. Certain dishes she always makes with her own hands, because her Fritz likes them so. She may boast thirty-two quarterings on her escutcheon and be terribly proud of her lineage, but she has no nonsensical ideas about its being degrading to put on a canvas apron, lard a piece of veal, make jams or dole out with her own hands the prunes that are to be put into the potato stew. She keeps her best attire for Sundays, and makes it serve on a good many of these festal days, for she does not follow fashion blindly or in a hurry. On ordinary days she dresses with a plainness which would excite the contempt of a French woman; but then the culinary pursuits do not prevent her from being by far the intellectual superior of her French or Belgian sister.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

White Muslin Dresses.

Mull muslin, French nainsook and other sheer lawns that have no starch and are of dull ivory white, yet are clearer than cream-color, are the fabrics used in imported dresses. Embroidery is invariably employed for the trimming, and to this is sometimes added some inexpensive lace, or perhaps a little real Mechlin, or Valenciennes in the new designs that have small figures with feathery edges, and show a great deal of the foundation mesh-work. The embroidery is most effectively used as scant flounces for the skirt, trimming is sometimes in many rows up the front, with three rows extending all around it, and ample back drapery to cover the plain part of the back; while other dresses have three or four embroidered flounces, so wide that they cover all the skirt but a short space for hip drapery. The open designs for such work have been most in favor, but there are also many flounces of the thicker work that can scarcely be detected from needle-work. For simple dresses this work is done in patterns of dots scattered about, or else in scalloped rows near the edge, and is very effective. For more elaborate dresses there are larger flower, leaf and vine patterns, and some blocks, Greek squares and involved geometrical designs. The overdress of white muslin is made without lining, but is worn over a high corset cover, the sleeves being the only transparent part of the corsage. The neck is cut in a low point in front, or it may be finished high at the throat with a standing ruffle of embroidery, and inside this two standing frills of lace. A pretty finish for a pointed throat is given also by a fichu of the mull that is shirred down its only seam—that in the middle behind; its bias ends drawn closely down on the shoulders are lapped or knotted, or held by a ribbon bow on the bust just above the waist line in front. This fichu may also be added to a high corsage to give the effect of a full bust and sloping shoulders; the high corsage has its standing frills of embroidery and lace, and the embroidery may also be in lengthwise rows to form a vest, and extend thence along the edge of the paniers that curve down on each hip from the middle of the front. Another trimming that is quite inexpensive is a puff of the sheer mull around the neck and wrists with ribbons in it. There may be frills of embroidery or lace below the puff, but for a simple dress a pretty frill may be added of the mull doubled and bias, and this should be pulled apart in pouf-like roundness, instead of being pressed flat. Very narrow ribbon, only half an inch wide, may be knotted or looped with many ends in the front or on the left side of the neck. The seams in the waist and sleeves of these thin lawns should not be left "raw"; that is, with rough edges. They are neatest when made with the English bag seam that first sews the edges together, making the seam on the outside of the dress. The garment is then turned and sewed on the wrong side, covering the seam just made as if with a bag—hence the name. The draped polonaise is much used for white mull overdresses. The bodice is first fitted like a basque, and trimmed along its lower edges with the embroidery in two rows, one turned up and the other down, or with a puff over a ribbon, and the drapery is added in lengthwise tucks on the hips and in front. Below these tucks the drapery will be quite full, and is made still fuller by the frills of embroidery. This fullness is curved upward behind, and disappears under the straighter breadths that are draped at the back. Another fashion omits the tucks, and finishes the top of the drapery with embroidery, which is then gathered on the edge of the basque. For very dressy occasions a large sash bow with long ends of doubled white watered silk is placed on the back of the basque, but ordinarily a bow of the muslin is used there. Another fashion for such dresses repeats the shirred basques of last summer, having a round yoke of many rows of shirring, with also shirring at the waist line in front and back. A satin ribbon at the waist is passed under the shirring of the back, and outside of the rest of the basque, serving as a belt. The deep apron overskirt is used with such a basque, and is furnished with a deep flounce of embroidery in front, while the back has a drawing string of ribbon across it, making a panier puff at the top, while below it the muslin is slit up the middle, and falls in two square ends that are trimmed all around. The ribbon of the drawing string forms a great bow with many loops below the puff. The surplice belted waist is also used for such dresses, but preference is given to corsages that slip over the hips, defining their outline, and being enlarged below by panier drapery.—*Bazar.*

Fashion Fancies.

Lace is the trimming of the season.

Shaded chocolate hues are much liked.

Light fichus or pelerines, covering the shoulders and loosely tied in front, are the coming summer mantle.

Velvet loops and large Alsatian bows of velvet will be much used to trim even summer bonnets of delicate straw.

For evening wear extra long, buttonless gloves, in Saxe or Swedish kid, are more popular than any others.

Few embroidered lace fichus of black net glitter with a dense covering of fine-cut jet bugles and pendants.

Many slender ladies follow the fashion set by Sarah Bernhardt, and have their gloves reach nearly to the shoulder, pushing them down to the elbow and allowing the extra fulness to wrinkle over the arm.

New tea gowns have straight redingotes, with short skirts deeply folded in plaits in front and box-plaited behind. White camel's hair is a favorite fabric for these gowns, with collar, cuffs and sash, also bows of bronze green, copper red or sapphire blue velvet. Embroidery in the material is also used for the trimming.

A new material designed for mantles, pelerines and overdresses is called gauze velvet. The fabric consists of a groundwork of gauze, transparent, but exceedingly firm, brocaded with large moons or "lunar dots" of black velvet. Wraps made of this material are lined with black surah or a bright color if desired, and richly trimmed chenille bands of applique work, heading a dress ruffle of real Spanish lace. A wrap exhibited, made of gauze velvet and intended for a young lady in "half" mourning, was lined with pale lilac surah and trimmed with black chenille fringe. The large cape-collar of chenille was caught together at the throat with a bow and ends of black chenille and pale mauve ribbon.

The Death-Cry in Connemara.

There was no sound of merriment, not even a voice, from the house. All was still, as if in expectation, when there came from it a long piercing, mournful wail-u-lu-lu! It rose to a high tremulous cry, filling the misty air with an indescribable thrill and sinking into a low moan. It was thrice repeated, and then followed by a rapid recitation in Gaelic in a sustained key. The cry seemed the last excess of anguish and lamentation, and, although I knew that in one sense it was artificial, it overcame me with an actual shudder. It was the "keen."

After the recitative had ceased way was made for us into the room where the corpse lay. It was large though low, and around the bare rough walls candles were stuck up with lumps of clay. Its only ornaments were a religious picture and a faded lithograph of the "Liberator." In the center a couple of stools supported a coffin of unpainted deal. No glass protected the white, wan features of the corpse from the tobacco cloud that filled the air, eddying around the candles and under the cobwebs of the thatch. The principal mourners sat at the side of the coffin, and consisted of the son, a stout farmer of fifty, and his wife, and a half dozen children in youth and girlhood. The room was filled, except in space immediately at the head of the coffin, with all the neighbors for miles around, seated on benches, stools, and turf kistes, or on the uneven floor. An impressive quietude, and solemnity reigned upon the countenances of all. The faces of the assemblage were characteristic of the locality. They were sharper in outline and wilder in expression than their congeners of the south. Their features were more regular, with darker complexions and hair, and less of the Milesian foutline. Some of them had the dark, flashing eye and the regular oval of the Spanish face, and there was the carriage and turn of the head of the dwellers of the mountain. They were poorly clad, and few of the women had the comfortable long blue cloaks of the southern farmers' wives, or the cap with its frill of lace around the shining hair. Some of the men were ragged beyond description, and the suggaun or hay-rope around the waist was all that kept their garments in any degree of consistency. Several of the men and women also were barefooted, although the night earth and air were both damp and chill.

The keener sat on a low stool at the head of the coffin. When she had finished her recitative, as we entered, she had drawn the hood of her cloak over her face, and a slight rocking of her body gave the only sign of life. It was as if she were meditating under the excess of grief. After a silent interval of some minutes she threw back the hood of her cloak, revealing the pale face of a woman of about forty, with a fixity of look as of one in a trance. Without lifting her eyes from the face of the corpse she repeated her tremulous cry and continued with a rapid recitative, apparently addressed to the dead rather than the audience, and then subsided again into silence.—*Catholic World.*

Oyster Planting.

A letter from Chincoteague island to the Baltimore *Sun* gives an interesting description of the manner in which oysters are planted. The writer says: The oyster business in these waters are now very active, and has reached an interesting stage, "the planting." A description of the modus operandi will perhaps be new and entertaining to many of the oyster-loving readers of the *Sun*. There are at least thirty vessels engaged in the business; and the oyster "plants" growing in the mouth of James river, some eighty miles from this place, it takes a trip of about five days for a good schooner with favorable winds to make the trip, get a load and return. Every morning a fleet leaves this harbor for Hampton Roads, the schooners having a capacity of from 350 to 1,500 bushels each, the average being 800 bushels. The beds of plants, which are known in the trade as "cultintines," are rich in the natural growth in the Roads, and a hand can with his tongs take up one hundred bushels a day of the young oysters. They are about the size of a half of an English walnut, and he gets six cents per bushel, making wages at from $5 to $6 per day. A favorable trip of from twelve to fifteen hours puts the vessel in Chincoteague bay, when they are mostly planted in the Maryland waters from fifteen to twenty miles above this point. The planting consists in scattering them in the bay so that they will lie thickly at the bottom of the water, and not more than touching each other. The whole cost of planting to the owner who hires the vessel and the work will reach twenty cents a bushel. He has his ground, or his water rather, staked off, and in two years his oysters are large enough to be taken up and sent to market. They command fifty cents a bushel here, or $1 10 in Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York, and the finest $5 per barrel of three bushels.

The Russian Sunday.

In Russia Sunday is the favorite shopping day of all classes. Although the evil of this has been pointed out by most foreign writers in Russia, and by many native ones, it is only of late years that public feeling has been awakened in the matter. This has been partly due to the discontent evinced by the classes exposed to Sunday work, but more particularly to the influence of that evangelical movement within and without the Russian church which is one of the most interesting features of modern Russian progress. Archdeacon Bogoyavlensky recently preached a sermon in one of the cathedrals of Moscow, the theme of the venerable ecclesiastic being the Sunday closing movement, in favor of which an immense petition, signed by most of the clerks of St. Petersburg, has just been presented to the emperor. Referring to this and to a discussion by the Moscow municipal council in behalf of the movement, the archdeacon demanded of the orthodox "whether they were not ashamed to open their shops on a Sunday when the shops of the foreigner, of the English and German merchants at Moscow, are closed on that day."

Twelve thousand shovels and two thousand spades are turned out every week in the United States.

SUNDAY READING.

Precious Sentence.

A native of Japan, who took his life in his hands that he might come to a country where God's love was recognized as true, was asked to read in a school in Boston a sentence in his native language. He consented, and promising that he would utter what was to him the most interesting sentence that could be spoken to man, repeated the familiar verse, "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." I need not say that in the New Testament there are to be found scores of summaries of the Gospel like this, which do most positively declare that this is the import and intent of the life and death of Christ; not a part of it, but the whole of it: not a fragment, to be supplemented by other fragments, but the rounded and completed whole, embracing in a sentence all that Christianity emphasizes and declares.—*President Porter.*

Religious News and Notes.

The British people gave $5,310,950 for foreign missions last year.

Presbyterian pastors are scarce in Texas, there being but seventy for 160 churches.

The Baptists in the South number altogether 1,715,794, of whom 974,100 are white and 741,694 negroes.

The Methodist hospital, on Prospect Heights, Brooklyn, will cost, ground and nine buildings, about $500,000.

James Freeman Clarke, of Boston, hopes to preach until he is seventy-five years old. He is now more than seventy.

The first Welsh church in Ohio was founded in 1803. At present there are in the State forty churches with 3,000 members.

The Rev. James Smith, an English Baptist missionary at Delhi, in speaking of the progress of the Gospel in India, says: Thirty years ago we used to have a convert every two or three years, now we count them by scores annually.

Among the anniversaries recently held in London was that of the South American Missionary society. The magnitude of the work undertaken by this society may be inferred from the statement in the report that there are 21,000,000 South Americans within reach of the efforts of the missionaries.

San Francisco has fifteen Catholic churches and ten chapels, fifteen Presbyterian churches, fourteen Methodist, eleven Episcopal, nine Baptist, six Congregational and two Swedenborgian. There are also many churches of a miscellaneous character. It is estimated that there is one church for every 2,000 of the population.

Of 185 Methodist churches in Vermont nine have a membership of over 200 each. Total members in full, 15,998. The number of additions by confession during the last year was 600. The Sabbath-schools number 17,751 scholars, 2 531 officers and teachers in 228 schools. Few of these churches date back more than fifty years.

The building committee of the Christian church in Washington, of which President Garfield was an official member, has given out the contract for the new building. The church will be pushed to a speedy and satisfactory completion. It is to be erected on the site of the present frame-chapel, which is to be moved. It will be a beautiful addition to the already improved section of the city where it is to be located.

The Rev. Griffith John, who has for many years been engaged in mission work in China, was recently in London, where he addressed many of the churches. He says his chief lament is that the missionary prayer meeting, which was formerly an interesting feature in most churches, has either been given up or has fallen into a condition of coldness and dullness. He earnestly asks for a renewal of the old-time fervor which animated these meetings. He has returned to China.

A Long-Lost Son Found.

A romantic episode in every-day life has come to light in Dedham, Mass. John Finn resides with his wife and a portion of his family in a neat cottage, of which he is the owner, located on or near the boundary line of Dedham and Boston. Here he has resided for at least twenty-five years. He has had three sons, one of whom, John, enlisted in the army during the "late unpleasantness" and was killed. The other two sons were named Cornelius and William. Cornelius was a lad about seventeen at the outbreak of the war. He suddenly left town, and his parents hearing nothing of his whereabouts concluded that he, too, had enlisted, especially as during the war they read of one Cornelius Finn, attached to a New York regiment, being killed. The family mourned for him as sincerely as they did the death of John.

Last September William went to Colorado to settle, hoping to better himself. While seated in a room in the western portion of the State one afternoon soon after his arrival there a miner entered and announced to the company present that Cornelius Finn had opened a new mine. William, taken aback somewhat by the name, said that he had had a brother once whose name was Cornelius Finn. To which the miner responded by looking at the stranger and declaring that he resembled Cornelius Finn, the miner, and might be his brother. Cornelius became greatly agitated upon learning the name of the stranger and that he came from Dedham, and immediately started for the town.

The meeting was decidedly affecting. Cornelius at once recognized William as his brother, although William, being younger, had not so strong a recollection of Cornelius. Mutual explanations followed and Cornelius related his wanderings since leaving home. He had gone South in 1861 and entered the army. At the conclusion of the war he drifted to Colorado, where he had interested himself in mining and had become wealthy. Regarding his neglect to send a letter home, he explained that he had read in the papers of the death of his parents, and had also the report substantiated by John Finn, a former resident of Dedham, whom he met. He had abandoned all hope of ever seeing or hearing from his folks. He at once took William with him to his mining camp and gave him an important position. His father has received a check for $1,000.—*Boston Globe.*

There were exported from New York for European ports in 1881, 37 806 head of cattle of the value of $3 690,308; 26 733 sheep, valued at $314 357; 57,436 988 pounds of fresh beef, priced at $3 426,040, and 1,463,881 pounds of mutton, valued at $114 148.

By an experiment made with a chestnut tree thirty-five years old to calculate the amount of moisture evaporated from the leaves, it was found to lose sixteen gallons of water in twenty-four hours

A BRUTAL BUTCHERY.

Centennial Celebration of the Massacre of Ninety-six Christian Moravian Indians in Ohio.

A recent letter from Gnadenhutten, Ohio, gives particulars of the centennial celebration of the horrible massacre of Moravian Indians, which occurred there in 1782. The letter says:

This village is situated on the Pan Handle railroad, midway between Pittsburg and Columbus, has two churches, several stores, two hotels and fine schools. It is a peculiarly peaceful and prosperous neighborhood, whose quiet, retired-from-business appearance has little in it to remind the traveler that it was once the theatre of one of the bloodiest butcheries that ever occurred in this country.

David Zeisberger, a Moravian missionary, established several missions among the Delawares in the Tuscarawas Valley in 1772, and among the rest was that of Gnadenhutten (meaning tents of grace). When the

The Centre Reporter.

FRED KURTZ ..... EDITOR.

CENTRE HALL, PA., June 15. 1882

Moses, once carpet-bag governor of South Carolina, has plead guilty to petit larceny in New York and was sentenced to the penitentiary for six months. Oh, Moses!

The journeymen horseshoers of Chicago have gone on a peaceable strike to the number of 350, the bosses having refused the use of machine-made horseshoes.

A subscriber down in Lancaster county wants the REPORTER to tell him who Gen. Beaver is.

Well, to be brief, Gen. Beaver is Don Cameron's man for governor; now find out what sort of a fellow Don is and you have all you need.

At Harrisburg, on Monday of last week, nineteen mutual assessment insurance companies were dissolved, leaving forty-four still in operation in the State. he latter associations have engaged counsel to represent them at a hearing to be fixed by the Court. Some of them will make a determined effort to establish their claim to continued existence.

Cooper, chairman of the Cameron-Beaver wing of the republican party, is a redhead, and yet it is cold around the stalwart headquarters.

The iron interests are in a pinch which threatens wide-spread distress, and this in the face of promises yet fresh that Hancock's election would prostrate the great iron interests and produce just what it seems the election of the republican ticket must have brought about. The Pittsburg *Post* speaking in this regard says, during the last Presidential campaign a number of our iron manufacturers volunteered to assure their employes and the public that if Hancock was elected the mills would close for want of business, the iron trade would be ruined and of course the working men would be without employment and reduced to beggary. Hancock was not elected, mills are closed for want of orders, the tariff has not been reduced nor disturbed, one hundred thousand men are without work who have been engaged in this industry with no immediate prospect of the mills resuming or the trade reviving. It is not honest nor decent in manufacturers to predict ruin in case the Democratic party came into power, but they knew it was a potential party cry to help the republicans and would succeed in confusing thousands of their men as to the real condition of affairs. Perhaps these people will now realize that panic and depression in trade are not dependent upon political parties, and will come no matter who is President, but it will not hush the demagogues who mount the stump to gain office; they will insist that it is the Republican party alone which cares for the workingman and that the Protective tariff is solely for his benefit. Let the hundred thousand men answer.

When Cameron had called together a few of his henchmen and fixed the slate for his convention to nominate Beaver for governor, Davis for lieutenant governor and all the others, the office of Sec'y of Internal affairs remained unprovided, one asked the question who should be nominated for that office, the answer came quick, "O h—ll, let the convention nominate a candidate for Secretary of Internal affairs."

If ever there was a time when the democrats of Pennsylvania needed to display wisdom in making its nominations, that time is now both as regards state and county tickets. A poor ticket wont help us, but will bring us defeat. We want men who will not only have the respect of democrats and raise the enthusiasm of the democratic masses, but we must have nominees that will command respect and support from the better elements of the opposition. Away with your trash, your seekers after place who are only party followers who are after spoils. We want men of character, integrity, fitness, unwavering democracy. Such we must have if we would win. Time-servers will be a wet blanket upon democratic prospects. In connection gith the above we agree with the Williamsport *Sun and Banner*, in the following:

If the Democratic convention is wise enough to give their party a ticket composed of men of whom it will be said each and every one is a fit and proper man for the place for which he is named the whole party will undoubtedly rally to its support, and this is all that is needed to elect it. But if broken down politicians, "old fogies," defeated candidates or men who in any respect do not command popular confidence and, general good will, are put in nomination, the result will be to send hundreds if not thousands of Democratic voters over to the Independents and to invite defeat. One weak man will greatly injure and may defeat the whole ticket. It will be madness to put any candidate who has not been a life long Democrat, who is not of unblemished personal character, whose ability and integrity are doubted, or who has been a chronic officeholder or defeated candidate or one who does not possess both popular confidence and sympathy. Such a ticket can easily be nominated, as has been frequently foreshadowed, and suggests itself to almost every man who thinks upon the subject, though the names differ. A convention could nominate a dozen such tickets as here indicated in a day, with different names on each.

The senate committee is in favor of reducing letter postage to 2 cents, and newspapers going free through the mails.

The Clearfield and Shamokin regions have become quiet.

Doctor bills are abominable and not needed in kidney and liver affections, as Peruna and Manalin cure them.

The REPORTER for the campaign, from July until election in November, for 50 cents. Send in your names and cash. Reader, can't you send at least one name?

Many wonder how Parker's Ginger Tonic can perform such varied cures, thinking it simply essence of ginger, when in fact it is made of many valuable medicines which act beneficially on every diseased organ. See other column.

It Failed—Lear's eloquent letter to capture "Tom" Marshall resulted something like the miner who, when out hunting, was unexpectedly hunted by a monster grizzly bear. He rushed for the "diggings" with grizzly close after him, and when in sight of home, he yelled out, "Look out, boys, I'm bringing her into camp!"

Governor Curtin, representing the committee on pensions, succeeded in passing Gen. Bingham's bill increasing the pensions of soldiers who had lost a leg, arm, foot or hand in the late war. The increase is from $18 to $40 a month, and will amount to about $500,000 according to Gen. Bingham's figures. Already the commissioner of pensions has commenced his estimates to furnish the senate committee as to the actual cost it will be to the government. Mr. Dudley favors the bill very strongly.

Opposed to Cameron and the boss system is the entire independentwing of the republican party: also two-thirds of the wing that intends voting for Beaver, yet in the face of this fact, Beaver has not the courage openly on the stump to say that he is opposed to Cameron and the boss system. Yet Beaver is counted a hero.

The other day the Star Route prosecution got a decided backset, and the Brady-Dorsey gang are in great glee. Brewster, Bliss, Merrick and Kerr thought they had a soft thing in proving a conspiracy by Wayne MacVeagh and Reerdell's confession, but when Ingersoll raised an objection, and Judge Wylie decided that the conspiracy had to be proven before the confession of Reerdell could be admitted as evidence, this fairly took the prosecution off its feet, and it had to take time to recover from the effects of the shock. The Government lawyers now say it was nothing very serious after all.

Democratic county nominations, of good, sound, consistent men—men of known integrity—are just as essential this year, as a state ticket of the same character. Don't forget this—for the people will vote for none other.

Two years ago the rads set up a great howl over congressmen elected from the south by tissue ballots—a carpet bag invention—and it was made an excuse to put out democratic members. The other day, Lowe, rad, of Alabama, was put in and Wheeler, dem., put out. In this case the tissue ballot elected Lowe, the rad. Tissue ballots are all right when voted to help the radicals.

The Huntingdon county Independents have captured the county organization, and intend to go on and nominate a ticket within the party organization, and if the stalwarts do not like it they have the privilege of becoming kickers.

There is little old wheat in the market. The crop prospects in the west and southwest are improved and will be early. New York and Pennsylvania crops are late but promising.

A decidedly novel application of electricity is reported in the French papers. The shop of a vintner at Carcassonne was recently struck by lightning. Among the contents was a tun of wine, so sour as to be absolutely undrinkable even by Frenchmen. When, in the course of repairing damages, the vintner came to examine the shattered cask, the remaining contents were found to be very palatable. The astonished vintner called in a scientific friend, sed now it is reported that by sending a weak current of electricity through a cask of sour or harsh wine the wine will not only be restored to soundness but will be mellowed into a body and flavor such as it has been heretofore supposed time alone could confer. That ordinary Malaga rainwater could be chloroformed into fine old Madeira has long been believed in some parts of this country, and it is a matter of club gossip that an aspiring new settler at Newport some years ago was kindly assisted by an accomplished friend to fill his cellars with precious old brands produced in that manner. If the *grands crus* of the Garonne can be matched by exposing a lot of "little blue wines" to a sharp thunder storm, the point will soon be knocked out of such tales as the following, which turns up in a recent number of a London society journal:

Said the host, a veritable "new rich," to his critical guest: "There, my boy, there's a glass of claret you don't often meet—I bought the whole lot; nothing left of it; cost me £30 for the entire stock!" The guest sniffed and tasted, and quietly commented: "What an enormous stock of it you must have, old chap!"

Guiteau spends most of his time reading his Bible and a religious work which was given him by Mr. Griffith, of Baltimore. When he does not take his usual amount of exercise he says that it is because he feels lazy. So far from giving way mentally, his mind is bright, and he is able to argue his case with considerable legal sharpness. In a conversation with one of the officials, he said that Mr. Reed has been wrong in his recent moves in the case; that there is nothing that can be done about it now, even if the record is wrong, for it has been ruled upon the judgement completes it. Guiteau says: "If it is wrong it has to go now. The question of jurisdiction has been settled, and there is nothing left of that question. The only hope is in the president. That I have told Reed, and I have told him to go to him and let all other things go." Mr. Reed went to the jail on 9th to secure Guiteau's signature to several affidavits which he proposed to use in his further proceeding in Guitean's behalf. He declines to say anything with reference to the nature of these proceedings.

Chairman Lear of the late convention which nominated Beaver, has come out in rebellion to Cameron. He may kick up a fuss when that body re-assembles to nominate a congressman-at-large.

Guiteau now places his last hope on the President and has permitted a minister to see him.

It is reported John Kelly will retire from politics which means democratic unity and success in New York.

At Cleveland the labor troubles are threatening a riot; at Pittsburg there is no change in the situation and the men are still idle.

The desire of the people is on the increase for Trunkey, for governor.

Lear, chairman of Cameron's convention, says he would vote for Trunkey.

The house has agreed to the senate amendments fixing the retirement age for army officers at 64 years.

Dyspepsia, the bug-bear of epicures, will be relieved by Brown's Iron Bitters.

On night of 11 there was a great riot in Alexandria, in Egypt, in which 67 Europeans were killed.

Denver had a terrific storm and waterspout on Saturday night. Some lives were lost and much property damaged. Illinois also had a damaging rain on Saturday night.

A sure, positive cure for costiveness, Manalin.

Mathew Arnold—in "*Nineteenth Century*," for May, 1882—says:

"The New York '*Nation*'—a newspaper which I read regularly and with profit, a newspaper which is best, so far as my experience goes, of all American newspapers, and one of the best newspapers anywhere.

It is rumored that Conkling will take Frelinghuysen's place in the cabinet as Secretary of State.

Patrick county, Virginia, is threatened with a famine owing to a failure of the crops last year.

Civil service reform is the stalwart platform, passed amid laughter. Evil service is the practice in every department of the stalwart administration.

LEAR TO COOPER.

Ex-Attorney General George Lear, permanent Chairman of the Regular Republican Convention at Harrisburg is on the war-path and is after the scalp of Cameron. He has written Chairman Cooper, of the State Committee, a long letter in reference to Cooper's call for the reassembling of the Convention, June 21, to nominate a candidate for Congressman-at-large in the place of Thomas M. Marshall, declined. Gen. Lear says he will not attend the convention, that Cooper had no right to call it without authorization of the State Committee, that the Convention is a defunct body, and a new one must be called, composed of delegates elected in the manner prescribed by the peace conference at the Continental Hotel and approved by the Harrisburg Convention. Gen. Lear severely criticizes the methods of Senator Cameron, and says the salvation of the party depends upon whether both the Regular and Independent State Committees will agree to call a Convention in September, composed of delegates elected in the manner prescribed, for the purpose of naming a ticket to be supported by all Republicans.

SEVEN GIRLS AND THEIR DIAMONDS.

[From the Boston Journal.]

Seven young ladies were perceived in a horse car, of whom not one had both gloves on and none were wholly bare-handed. Of these four had gloves on their right hands and three on their left, and in every instance the ungloved hand lay in the lap above the other. All of the seven bare hands had diamond rings on them, and whenever any attentions were needed by the hair or raiment of the ladies, in every instance the ungloved hand was employed to bestow them, and in the necessary movements the stones flashed and glittered very much. And when, as happened in process of time, the young ladies left the car one after the other, four of them waved their left hand to the conductor to direct him to stop, and the other three agitated their right hands, and again the rings sparkled quite copiously. All of which was very curious and interesting to the scientific mind.

THE NEW SILK INDUSTRY.

The greatest incentive to engage in silk culture is the knowledge that there is a home market for $15,000,000 worth of floss, which American manufacturers are obliged to import from foreign lands. The other consideration is, that silk culture furnishes women and children in the rural districts, with a congenial occupation, and so will not interfere with household duties.

In the view of these facts the Women's Silk Culture Association of Philadelphia was organized two years ago, for the purpose of calling the attention of the women of the country to the opportunity given them to establish a new industry, both suitable and profitable, and also give the necessary instructions to all desiring to engage in silk culture.

The success of this pioneer association is remarkable; there has been aroused a wide spread interest in the cultivation of cocoons, that must go on increasing until the aim of the association is fulfilled.

This fact was most forcibly presented at the last exhibition of the association, at which the display of the cocoons was very fine and interesting. The chief feature of the exhibition was the display of specimen cocoons by the twenty-six contestants for the Strawbridge & Clothier premiums. The first one of which, by the way, was carried off by Mrs. Rececca Taylor, mother of the late Bayard Taylor, who is over 62 years of age, and a sufferer from paralysis.

The association announces that through the liberality of Messrs. Strawbridge & Clothier, the well known dry goods merchants of Philadelphia, it is again enabled to offer to the silk culturists the sum of five hundred dollars in ten premiums, as follows: first premium $100, second premium $75, third premium 65, fourth premium $60, fifth premium $50, sixth premium $40, seventh preminm $40, eighth premium $30, ninth premium $25, tenth premium $10. For these any resident in the United States may contest. From the ten largest amounts of cocoons, one pound will be taken, without selection, and the test of reeling applied; the quantity and quality will be the conditions for premium. Application for competition must be endorsed and the amount of this year's cocoons raised by the culturist, testified by some responsible person. Stock must be sent no later than December 1, 1882.

Anyone with sufficient land to grow a few mulberry trees can aid the rearing of silk worms to the daily care and find it a source of pleasure and profit. The work occupies but a small portion of the year, and a child can attend to the daily gathering of leaves and feeding the worms If a supply of mulberry leaves cannot be had, an osage orange hedge will answer every purpose. The osage orange leaf is admirable food for the silk worms, from which they spin splendid silk.

A very interesting event of national interest, connected with this subject of silk culture, has just occurred in Philadelphia. The Women's Silk Culture Association selected silk from twenty-six families living in fourteen states; had it spun on a "Yankee" reel, made into a web of twenty-eight thousand threads of silk, and woven as a Jacquard loom, requiring three thousand six hundred needles to form the original and striking design. This is the first brocade ever woven in America of American silk; and probably the heaviest in texture of any brocade ever woven. It is known as the Garfield dress, as it is the intention of the association to present this magnificent fabric to Mrs. James A. Garfield.

BOY LYNCHED.

Pherms, Minn., June 9.—John Tribbetts, the boy who murdered Washington and Fehrenbach a few days since, was brought here yesterday and examined before Justice Bottolets. Towards night the propriety of lynching him was frequently discussed, but no decision was arrived at. About one o'clock this morning, however, twenty resolute men broke into the jail, and with great difficulty broke open his cell and seized him, the terrified boy saying: "Don't boys this is too rough." The lynchers carried him to the railroad track, a few rods away, rested a ladder against a telegraph pole, looped one end of a rope around his neck, and throwing it over a round of the ladder, hoisted away. He was dead in a few moments. The lynchers kept the crowd back with drawn revolvers, and soon as the work was done scattered in all directions. Tribbetts, who was only 16 years old, made a full confession last night. He laughed at the crowd that met him yesterday morning, but became depressed at night. The lynchers will probably not suffer for their crime. It is stated that his taste for crime grew from reading dime novels of the blood and murder sort.

A special dispatch from Madena, a few days ago, gave the details of an extraordinary double murder by a boy sixteen years old, whose mind has been poisoned by trashy novels. One of the murdered men was Edward Washington, a land surveyor, who had been in the county about two weeks. The other victim was a young man, twenty-three years of age, Leo Fehernbach, a German, in the employ of Washington. They left Perman Thursday, May 25, stating that they were going to look after lands. Sunday, May 28, they stopped at the house of John Dornbusch, a farmer living near Red river. They arrived there about ten o'clock, in company with John Tribbetts, a boy about sixteen years of age, whose parents reside in the neighborhood, and with whom the murdered men had stopped and had left part of their outfits the day before. Tribbetts carried a double barreled shot gun, which he had borrowed that morning of a neighbor named Richardson, one barrel of which was loaded with buckshot and the other with fine shot. Tribbetts started off in the timber, leaving them at Dornbusch's dwelling. They stayed there to dinner, leaving there at one o'clock, and stating that they were going to section twelve, a pine timber land, carrying with them an axe, a Smith & Wesson revolver, and each having a silver watch and chain. They did not return. Search was made for them, and their bodies found, one on Friday and one on Saturday. June 2 and 3, about thirty rods apart, Washington was found with a shotgun wound in the back of his head, with his pockets rifled, his boots and hat gone, his maps and pantes on the ground before him, together with a pocket compass. The body of Fehrenbach was found about thirty rods north of the body of Washington, It was horribly butchered. The ground about the body indicated that the man had made a hard fight with his assailant. His throat was cut and his skull crushed by a savage blow from the axe. Young Tribbetts made his appearance in Perham on Monday, the next day following the murder, with plenty of money, which was unusual for him. He purchased a new suit of clothes, and exhibited a watch, chain and revolver. He offered the watch to several persons, stating that he was going west to Montana and that he would like to sell them. He finally sold the watch and chain and took the train west, but he was soon captured. The testimony before the coroner's jury disclosed the fact that the watch, chain and revolver that were in his possession were the property of Washington. He had in his possession about $5. The hat, rubbers and stockings worn by Tribbitts on Sunday were found near the bodies of the murdered men.

MOSES IN MISERY.

The Republican ex-Governor of South Carolina gets Six Months on One Charge of Swindling.

Franklin J. Moses, the Republican ex-Governor of South Carolina, has been confined in the Tombs for the past three months awaiting trial for the charges against him for obtaining money under false pretenses, was yesterday arraigned before Judge Gildersleeve in the Court of General Sessions. On last February 17 Moses called on Dr. Nathan Bozeman at his residence, 296 Fifth avenue, and representing himself to be Dr. L. F. Steiner, of Augusta, Ga., said that he was on his way to Chicago, that he was a son of Dr. H. H. Steiner, of Augusta, and a brother of Roland Steiner, both of whom are reputable and well-known gentlemen of Georgia. Dr Bozeman, believing the story of Moses, who said that he desired to borrow only enough money to pay his hotel bill here and his railway fare to Chicago, gave him a check on the Second National Bank for $32. Soon afterwards Dr. Bozeman learned through Mrs. Roland Steiner that there was no such person as Dr. F. L. Steiner in Augusta and no relative of that name in the family. From a description given by the doctor's servant Moses was arrested and identified as the man who called on him under the name of Dr. Steiner. He was committed for trial in default of $500 bail. Indictments were found against him for obtaining money under false pretenses; for obtaining $150 from Edward W. Crowell, to whom he presented himself to be Anthony White, a merchant, of Greensville, S. C., and on whom he passed a worthless check on the Greenville bank; and for swindling William L. Hall, to whom he pretened to give information that would lead to the recovery of a quantity of diamonds alleged to have been stolen by one Pliv White. When arraigned before Judge Gildersleeve Moses presented a very shabby appearance. Since his incarceration a short, shabby, gray board has grown and his appearance was anything but healthy. When called to answer to the three indictments he pleaded guilty to the first, charging him with defrauding Dr. Bozeman. He was immediately sentenced to six months in the penitentiary without remarks from counsel or judge. At the end of the six months Moses will be taken to Brooklyn to answer charges against him for swindling in that city, where he represented himself to be a brother of Governor Colquitt, of Georgia.

At six o'clock last night Moses occupied a chair on the ground floor of the Tombs. He was smoking a pipe and his feet rested on a stove. His companion was Chase, the bigamist. A prison-keeper remarked to the reporter: "The ex-Governor seems to be a high-toned chap. He wanted to know if he could be taken to the island. Our Talley-ho will make a regular trip to-morrow morning and the ex-Governor of South Carolina and a lot of petty thieves from the Special Session will be the passengers. When he gets to the island he will feel the buzz of the horse-clipper around his ears, receive an official bath, and after donning a lawn tennis suit will begin the service of his sentence."

THE REFFUGEES IN TURKEY.

A Constantinople correspondent sends the following: "Turkey is about to share with the United States the honor of providing an asylum for the Jewish fugatives from Russian and Roumanian intolerance and persecution. Mr. Lawrence Oliphant and Mr. James Alexander—the Moses and the Aaron of the situation—are now here, and several hundred half naked and starving men, women and children, forming the advanced guard of the exodus, have already arrived in Constantinople. This morning I visited these poor refugees, who are temporarily cared for in the Jewish quarter of Balata, on the Golden Horn. Most of them have escaped from the devestations of Balta and Elizabethgrad. Their wan, terror-stricken countenances told their story far more eloquently than words. About half of them were women and children and orphans. An unusually large proportion of the women were far advanced in pregnancy and nearly all were accompanied by children of the most tender ages. All the emigrants with whom I spoke expressed their joy at getting out of Russia and declared that they had left behind them thousands of their coreligionists whose only immediate object of life was to get out of Russia, no matter how, even if they knew that they must die of want in any other country. A general influx of Jewish refugees in Constantinople would involve the greater misery and suffering where there is already great privation and want among the poorer classes of the regular inhabitants. Such an influx is, however, deemed inevitable, and the only hope is that the general stampede toward Constantinople can be retarded for a few months, when preparations of some kind can be made to lessen the suffering. In the meantime the Jews already arrived are provided with food by means of local subscriptions, and the Mansion House Committee has been applied to for funds. Besides an exodus from Russia we are threatened with an exodus from Roumania.

LOCUSTS IN ANGORA.

Last year the village of Angora, in Asia Minor, was devestated by locusts, and, in order to avert a repetition of the calamity which had laid waste several productive agricultural districts, the governor of the province decreed that every able-bodied peasant should, during a certain period preceeding the ensuing locust-hatching season, collect locust eggs at the rate of two pounds per diem, and deliver them in person to the nearest local authorities. His Excellency fixed the minimum quantity of ova to be gathered at 1,400,000 lbs., and furthermore prescribed that a daily fine of two piasters should be levied upon each peasant who should fail to fulfill the duty thus imposed upon him in the general interest of the province. The practical result of this wise and prudent decree tal were as follows: During the first day or two of the period appointed for the collection of the ova, a few rustics brought in their quota of eggs, but the large majority of the peasantry, far too indolent to dig them up, compounded with the powers that be by privily purchasing the necessary quantity of eggs from the officials at one piaster per kilogramme, and then making public delivery of the quantity to the employees empowered to receive it. Thus the two or three hundred kilogrammes of eggs collected and delivered by law-abiding people were sold over and over again to the malingerers. These tricks saved half of the amount of their fines, the officials pocketed a paister by each transaction, and the crop of locusts for the coming season will, in all probability, turn out even finer than that which all but ruined the Angora villaget last year.—*London Telegraph.*

The Nation,

Since its consolidation with the New York *Evening Post*, has increased its facilities in every department, enlarged its size to twenty-four pages, and added many able writers to its previous list. It is now pronounced by many of its readers to be better than ever before.

Established in 1865, the *Nation* was a pioneer in this country as a weekly journal of literary and political criticism of the highest order, conducted free from the control of party or interest of any sort. Despite a precarious support during the first few years, it held persistently to its original aim until its financial success was assured. Meanwhile it had become a recognized authority at home and abroad; its editorial management has been unchanged from the first, and its projectors intend that, with their present facilities, the *Nation* shall become more than ever before the medium of the ablest thought of the time.

The form and style of the paper are chosen with a view to the most suitable shape for binding, and a set of the *Nation* preserved, bound, and indexed, makes the most complete and readable record of current events of importance in the political and literary world available for the American public.

The subscription price has been

Reduced to $3 per Annum.

Specimen copies sent on request. Address the Publisher, 210 Broadway, New York.

MISDEEDS IN MISSOURI.

Six Mounted Men Rob a Bank at Brookfield in Daylight.

Kansas City, Mo., June 8.—Particulars are received of an attack on the bank of Brookfield yesterday by six armed and mounted men, who rode into the town of Brookfield just as the bank was closing for the day, dismounted, and covering the clerks with their revolvers, robbed the safe of about $5,000. They kept up a rapid fusillade with their firearms as they rode through the place. The men were all masked.

FIVE CHILDREN KILLED ON THE RAILROAD.

New York, June 8.—Five children, three girls and two boys, sons and daughters of John Lockwood, of Cos-Cob, Conn., are reported to have been killed last evening while walking on the track of the New York an New Haven railroad, near that village. They heard the train approaching and crossed over to the adjoining track, when they were run over and crushed to death by a train which came upon them from the opposite direction.

COAL BY WIRE!

Sir Henry Bessmer has made a proposal to the London public which, if adopted, will create a revolution in mechanics far more startling in its effects than any heretofore known. His proposition is to take coal up to London by wire, instead of by rail. The extreme simplicity of the plan is also one of the recommendations. Another is that it can be supplied to all cities, to Chicago as well as London. Sir William Thompson has previously shown that by the use of dynamo-electric machines, worked by the falls of Niagara or other water, motive power could be generated to an almost unlimited extent, and that no less than 26,250 horse-power so obtained could be conveyed to a distance of 300 miles by means of a single wire of half an inch in diameter. This force could be transmitted on a copper wire with a loss in transmission of not more than 20 per cent., thus delivering at the other end of the wire 21,000 horse-power. Applying this idea to coal as a motive power, Sir Henry Bessemer says: "What a magnificent vista of legitimate mercantile enterprise this simple fact opens up for our country. Why should we not at once connect London with one of our nearest coalfields by means of a copper rod one inch in diameter, and capable of transmitting 84,000 horse-power to London, and thus practically bring up the coal by wire instead of by rail". The inventor assumes that each horse power can be generated by the consumption of three pounds of coal per hour, and that, with the engine working six and a half days per week, London would require an annual consumption of coal equal to 1,012,600 tons to produce such results. This coal would be burned at the pit's mouth, at a cost of only 6 shillings sterling per ton for large, and two shillings per ton for small coal. But this is less than one-fourth the present cost of coal per ton in London, while the invention would immensely reduce the cost of electric light. It would also reduce the cost of the motive power now used in London for such a vast variety of purposes. Still better, it would save the public of that metropolis from the disagreeable and evil effects of the enormous volumes of smoke and the foul gasses which a million tons of coal, burned in the midst of the city, create. The cost of a one-inch diameter copper rod would be in England £583 per mile. If laid to a colliery 120 miles away, the interest, at 5 per cent. on first cost, would be less than one penny per ton on the coal practically conveyed by it direct into the house or factory of the consumer.

It is rumored in Washington that a Government bond plate has been stolen, and that $22 000,000 of spurious bonds have been issued.

The Bad and Worthless Are never *imitated* or *counterfeited*.

This is especially true of a family medicine, and it is positive proof that the remedy *imitated* is of the highest value.

As soon as it had been tested and proved by the whole world that Hop Bitters was the purest, best and most valuable family medicine on earth, many imitations sprung up and began to steal the notices in which the press and people of the country had expressed the merits of H. B., and in every way trying to induce suffering invalids to use their stuff instead, expecting to make money on the credit and good name of H. B.

Many others started nostrums put up in similar style to H. B., with variously cunningly devised names in which the word "Hop" or "Hops" were used in a way to induce people to believe they were the same as Hop Bitters. All such pretended remedies or cures, no matter what their style or name is, and especially those with the word "Hop" or "Hops" in their name or in any way connected with them or their name, are imitations or counterfeits.

Beware of them. Touch none of them, but: Use nothing but genuine Hop Bitters, with a bunch or cluster of green Hops on the white label. Trust nothing else. Druggists and dealers are warned against dealing in imitations or counterfeits. (9)

WM. WOLF & SON.

Good News!

It will be

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The finest and best gentlemen's Dress Goods, in the county.

The finest, best and latest styles ladies' Dress Goods.

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Quecnsware, Glassware, Groceries, none but what are pure. He has the only pure, old-fashioned NEW ORLEANS sugar in the county, an article rarely found in these days.

A complete assortment in each department.

Come and see one of the best stocks in the county.

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CARRIAGES,
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All work made of the best material, and put together by mechanics of long experience. Hence all work from these shops is guaranteed

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Prices low and all work turned out first-class.

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jan27

THE PARASITIC NATURE OF TUBERCULAR CONSUMPTION.

Professor Tyndall has communicated to the London *Times* an account of results obtained by Dr. Koch, of Berlin, in the investigation of the etiology of tubercular diseases, as set forth by him in an address delivered, March 24, before the Physiological Society of Berlin.

It was the aim of Dr. Koch to determine the precise character of the contagium which previous experiments on inoculation and inhalation had proven to be capable of transferring and reproducing tubercular consumption.

In pursuing the investigations Dr. Koch subjected the diseased organs of a great number of men and animals to microscopic examination, and found, in all cases, the tubercles infested with a minute, rod-shaped parasite, which by means of a special dye, he differentiated from the surrounding tissue. It was, he says, in the highest degree impressive to observe in the centre of the tubercle cell the minute organism which had created it. Transfer ring directly, by inoculation, the tubercu lous matter from diseased animals to healthy ones, he in every instance reproduced the disease. To meet the objection that it was not the parasite itself, but some virus in which it was embedded in the diseased organs, that was the real contagium, he cultivated his *bacilli* artificially, for long periods of time, and through many successive generations. With a speck of matter, for example, from a tuberculous human lung, he infected a guinea pig; then, after a sufficient interval, by himself, with the view of affording nutriment to the parasite. Here he permitted it to grow and multiply. From this new generation he took a minute sample and infected therewith fresh nutritive matter, thus producing another brood. Generation after generation of *bacilli* were developed in this way without the intervention of disease. At the end of the process, which sometimes embraced successive cultivations, extending over half a year, the purified *bacilli* were introduced into the circulation of healthy animals of various kinds. In every case inoculation was followed by the reproduction and spread of the parasite and the generation of the original disease.

In the course of his experiment Dr. Koch determined the limits of temperature between which the tubercle bacillus can develop and multiply to be 86° Fah. and a maximum of 104°.

He concludes that, unlike the bacillus anthracis of splenic fever, which can flourish freely outside the animal body, in the temperate zone animal warmth is necessary for the propagation of the newly discovered organism. In a vast number of cases Dr. Koch has examined the matter expectorated from the lungs of persons affected with phthisis and found in it swarms of *bacilli*, while in matter expectorated from the lungs of persons not thus afflicted he has never found the organism. The expectorated matter in the former case was highly infected, nor did drying destroy its virulence. Guinea-pigs infected with expectorated matter which had been kept dry for two, four and eight weeks respectively were smitten with tubercular disease quite as virulent as that produced by fresh expectoration. Dr. Koch points to the grave digger of inhaling air in which particles of the dried sputa of consumptive patients mingles with dust of other kinds.

Commenting upon this important communication Prof. Tyndall, the London *Times* points out the significant fact though the experiments of Dr. Koch seems as yet to have been carried no further than to the repeated cultivation of the tubercle bacillus in its original virulence, they will speedily be followed, as a matter of course, by attempts at cultivation in diminished intensity. The evidence, even now, does not rest upon the labors of Dr. Koch alone, for Prof. Klebs, five years ago, declared the infective property of tuberculosis to be due to the presence of a microphyte (practically a synonym for bacillus), and Dr. Schuller, a resume of whose investigation was given by Mr. Simon to the International Medical Congress, has proved that the microphyet which characterizes tubercle characterizes also certain affections popularly called scrofulous, such as diseased joints and glands, and that inoculation from any of them, or with a fluid in which their microphyte has been cultivated, will infect with general tuberculosis. Dr. Schuller, according to the same authority, has also made proposals for the treatment of tubercle on the basis of its micro parasitic origin, and has shown the successful result of such a treatment upon animals which he has inoculated.

STRUCK DUMB FOR LYING.

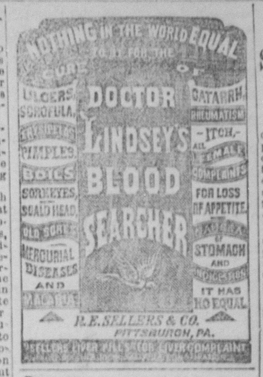
Richmond, Va., June 6.—Great excitement is reported to exist among the congregation of the Rev. John Jasper's Church to-night, owing to the mysterious affliction of a colored youth, who was a member. The Rev. Jasper will be remembered as the pastor who recently became famous by promulgating the theory that "De Sun do move." It appears that the youth referred to ran away from home, was disobedient and attempted to cover up his delinquencies by systematic lying to his mother. For this he was expelled from the church, and soon afterwards the members were startled by the report that he had been struck dumb. This is regarded by the superstitious colored brothers and sisters as a visitation for telling lies, and the statement of several members confirmed this aspect of the case. Among others, Rev. John Cooley, colored, who is said to be a licensed preacher, said to a reporter—"When the boy returned from Charlottesville his mother rebuked him for running away, and ordered him to stay in Richmond and assist her. The boy made a promise to his mother, but never fulfilled it, and said he 'hoped God would paralize his tongue if what he stated was not true.' That occurred two or three days ago. Soon after the boy had made this declaration his tongue seemed to grow thick, and he could not articulate well. He continued in this condition till the night of the church meeting, when in as loud a voice as he was able he made the same declaration, calling upon God to paralize his tongue. Immediately afterward he was unable to speak and there was great consternation. I am positive the boy is dumb, and you can learn all about it from Joseph Wilkison, a colored shoemaker, who is a member of Mr. Jasper's church."

Vienna, May 6.—The reports of horrible outrages perpetrated on the unfortunate Jews of Balta and Hopolo which reach us are almost incredible. Moved by these reports the wealthy Jews of Vienna are coming to the aid of their brethern generously. An Austrian physician, who visited a Jewish hospital in Odessa where about 150 victims of Balta were received, tells us that their wailings and cries are unendurable. The one year-old baby of one young woman who had suffered extreme violence herself had both his eyes put out by a heated iron. The incensed husband drew a revolver to protect his wife and child, but he was bound and carried off, his young wife being kept in ignorance of his fate. An old woman was scourged for hiding her grandchildren, and when the children were found they were cut to pieces before her eyes. A child of six had her ears cut off for running away with her baby sister and died soon afterwards. In one room of the hospital was an old man whose arms had been thrice broken while he was tied to a pole opposite his house and made a witness to the burning of its flames of his wife and children. Another man had both his feet sawn off and thrown to the dogs in his presence.

It appears in all that there are 3,000 children who by these atrocities have been deprived of their parents. Although subscriptions are being raised in all quarters there are not means enough to provide for these poor creatures with the very first necessaries of life. Many of them are to emigrate to America, and a proposal has been made for sending them to the fertile districts of Palestine. But it is said the Turkish Government does not favor this plan. In many parts of Russia the ruffians, when they have finished massacreing the Jews, begin on the German colonists. The police, in some cases, have made common cause with the rioters instead of trying to stop them.

DISCIPLINE FOR ST. LOUIS WIVES.

In the complaint accompanning the suit for divorce which a St. Louis lady had begun appears a transcript of notes to have been written out by the husband by the guidance of his wife while absent from him. The lady was to speak to no one on a railway train nor allow herself to be spoken to, except by the conductor and porter in the discharge of their duty; she was not to sing or even sit in a parlor of the house to which she was going, nor sing in her own room when any one not a member of her own immediate family was present. She was not to leave her mother, night or day, for five minutes at a time, nor go to walk or ride, even with her own brother, unless her mother was also present. She was to make no calls nor receive any except from her brothers and their wives, nor speak to any one whom she had known in the past, nor to permit any one to be introduced to her; in case of an introduction she was not to speak. She was to write her husband every night a full account of what she had done, where she had been and with whom, and to whom she had spoken during the day. The last day alleges that in order to visit her mother she is obliged to swear to obey these rules.



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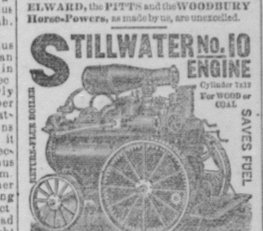

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FREDERICK KURTZ, . . Editor.

Centre Hall, Pa., June 15 1882.

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Committee of One Hundred

You will please consider yourself One of a Committee, to make an examination of the present Stock of Whitmer & Co's, at Spring Mills, and report to the people of Penn's Valley—What they know about Storekeeping.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Important to Travelers.—Special Inducements are offered you by the BURLINGTON ROUTE. It will pay you to read their advertisements to be found elsewhere in this issue. jun8

—Henry Corman, of Miles, has gone to Illinois, where he will remain a few months and see how they do things out there.

—Get a shoe or boot, when you need it, that is genuine goods—it seems that article is kept alone at Doll & Mingle's, who warrant their goods.

—Mrs. Joseph Neff, of Centre Hill, has been seriously ill for some weeks. ....The widow of Joseph Bitner, of this place, has also been ill for some time....John Hess, an old citizen of Haines, is in feeble health.

—Brockerhoff's Centre Hall store is admitted to set other stores in the shade for cheap carpets. They keep them all prices, and offer them at astonishingly low prices.

—Our position on Woman Suffrage is this: We are in favor of giving all the old maids a vote.

—Rev. Wm. K. Foster has taken a wife and already got under headway at housekeeping, a few doors below the REPORTER office, late residence of Jno. Shannon, dec'd. Our sanctum is surrounded by good company. Rev. Foster and his estimable bride have the hearty congratulations and good wishes of these headquarters.

—Summer coats and pants, dusters and fine straw hats at the famous Pennsvalley bargain store, C. Dinges, Centre Hall, cheap, cheaper, cheapest of all, and no mistake in getting a good article.

—It is reported that a great many grain fields in the upper end of this valley are very poor and many farmers will not get the seed sown. This probably is owing to the dry spell of weather last fall. Grain fields in this part of the valley look better than they have for some years.

—MILLHEIM NOTES.—The carpenters are now at work on the spire of the new Lutheran church....W. H. B. Eisenhuth went west the other day....The grain and grass in Penn and Haines look exceedingly promising....Esq. Reifsnyder came near having a fire in one of his outhouses the other day—early help put it out.

—Esq. Orndorf, of Pine Grove Mills, honored the REPORTER with his presence, the other day. He is one of the staunch democrats of Ferguson.

—Rev. J. A. Bright, writes us from Ellsworth, Ks., June 9th: We are all well and highly pleased with Kansas, and I am laboring with bright prospects of building up a Lutheran charge in this city. Harvest will begin about the 19th inst. Crops look better than they have for several years. Kansas is "booming" this year. Please send me a specimen REPORTER. Kindest regards to you and family. Yours, &c., J. A. BRIGHT.

—Mr. Sam'l Brown, of near Linden Hall, called on us on Monday; he reports crops middling in that part of the country—good poor fields.... Mr. Sam'l Weiser, of Millheim, called in to see our sanctum on same day—he reports grain and grass fields in Penn township very promising.

—Dried fruit, of the best quality, is always useful, always wholesome, and is always to be had, fresh and cheap, at Sechlers, headquarters for No. 1 groceries, such as sugars, coffees, teas, syrups, all kinds of meats, canned goods, oranges, lemons, pure spices, soaps, fine confectioneries made of pure sugar only; also willow ware, segars and tobacco.

—The select schools, of this place, will hold a picnic on top of Nittany mountain, Friday afternoon, 16. All are invited.

— We offer a reward of $50,000 to any one finding a legacy of about and not over 5 or 6 million dollars, to which we may be entitled in Europe or elsewhere, and no questions asked. The reward to be paid as said legacy comes in to us by installments. Upon the payment of the last installment the successful attorney to be presented, as a token of our gratitude and friendship, with a $300 gold watch and chain, and to have six weeks boarding paid at any first class summer resort in the U. S. (Exchanges copying the above will be invited to a grand banquet soon as 1st million is paid over.)

For piles, constipation and a torpid liver, never fail to take Peruna.

—Lewins don't care a cent whether he makes five cents profit on a suit or not, only so he has the pleasure of selling and making a customer feel good on his bargain. This is a queer notion, but it's the way Lewins will do. Go and buy from him if you need a coat, hat, pants, or full suit, and see how low he will put it just to see you grin at its cheapness. All sold warranted.

—Farmers Mills, in Gregg twp., is a new postoffice, John Auman, postmaster. It will be served on the route from Centre Hall to Spring Mills, leaving the pike and taking the back road. Subscribers to the REPORTER who find it more convenient to get their mail at Farmers Mills should notify us. We urged the erection of such an office several years ago, and are pleased that the large population in that section has at last got the needed accommodation.

—As a matter of course all handsome furniture comes from Brackbills, the oldest establishment in Bellefonte, and then you get reliable goods there too; his work is made to last, and his prices to save money. No establishment keeps half the stock you find at Brackbills, and none has the variety that you see there. Examine Brackbill's furniture before purchasing elsewhere, else you may regret it.

—Noah Corman, of Miles, popped in to see us the other day. Noah reports all crops in Brushvalley looking finely, all of which we are glad to chronicle.

Dyspepsia, heart-burn, nauses, indigestion, etc., are always relieved by Brown's Iron Bitters.

The Osceola *Reveille* says that John H. Orvis & Co., have purchased the Enterprise Colliery near Osceola, and are now operating it under the name of "Phoenix Colliery." John H. Burns is the Superintendent.

—Try Dinges' groceries if you want a fresh and pure article. Finest and best teas, syrups, coffee, etc.

A Freak.—The Kittanning *Free Press*, of May 27th, relates the following: "On Sunday afternoon as W. W. Luizet and H. H. Weylman, of this place, were driving near Manor church, they were caught in a storm, and the lightning struck the umbrella which they had over them, burning it to pieces, and ran down the side of the buggy to the ground, burning a portion of the lap robe and Mr. Weylman's pants. Strange to say neither of the gentlemen were injured."

We usually leave it to doctors to recommend medicines, but Parker's Ginger Tonic has been so useful in our family in relieving sickness and suffering, that we cannot say too much in its praise.—*Salem Argus.*

—An entertainment will be given in the Aaronsburg Reformed church, Saturday evening, June 24. The program will consist of recitations, dialogues, orations, etc., interspersed with vocal and instrumental music. The music will be under the direction of Prof. W. T. Meyer, with special pains to have it first class. The selections will be anthems, quartetts, duetts and solos. Dr. John F. Harter, coroneter; Mr. B. F. Kister, picolist; Dr. J. J. Deshler, clarionetist, will give their able services. Admission 20 cents, children 10 cents. Proceeds for replenishing library.

In the Brockerhoff block is the best shoe store in the state, it is Doll & Mingle's, who keep an unsurpassed assortment and keep low prices.

—Jacob Harpster, on Saturday night, played snap-game on two large snapping turtles, at Meese's dam. The snappers had ventured too far from the water and couldn't waddle back before Jacob had snapped the snappers by the tails. A flavor of the turtle soup prevailed around these diggens in consequence, a few days afterwards.

—Mr. Chas. Derstine, former typo on the REPORTER, now a photographer in Lewistown, is home on a visit, and going to ous cases found that he had not forgotten the "art preservative," and can still set type.

—Carpets, carpets, fine an assortment as in the city, at Dinges bargain store.

—Ex-Sheriff Thomas P. Wagner, of Union county, died on last Friday.

—We were pleased to have Mr. Spyker Gast, one of Mifflinburg's best citizens and business men, give the REPORTER a call the other day. He reports crop prospects in Union county splendid. Spyker is one of those genial fellows one always loves to meet.

—Such canned fruit as peaches, pears, tomatoes, and corn, as are bought now, and found so excellent and naturall in flavor, are done up under a secret process known only to a few canning establishments, and our ladies make many fruitless efforts to imitate them. This is not necessary now, when these goods can be had for a mere song, always fresh, at Sechler's grocery, where all the finest groceries are always kept.

—There is prospect for a decline in western beef.

—The democrats of Lancaster have nominated S. H. Reynolds for congress. He is a brother of Maj. Reynolds, of Bellefonte, and an able man.

—Call and see the fine assortment of carpets at Mullen's store—one of the largest and best lots in the county, and very low in price. Call ad examine his stock of carpets before purchasing elsewhere, and don't miss a genuine bargain.

—Brockerhoff's Centre Hall store is just now headquarters for boys' suits. Oh, but they have nice ones there—makes the little fellows almost jump out of their boots to see them. Fact is little boys should not be taken there, they almost go crazy when they see what pretty suits are there.

—A rye-stock measuring 7 feet and 3 inches was left at this office, by C. Dinges, and was raised on Dinges' land near this place by farmer Harry. Who can beat it?

—All the nice hats you see worn by men and boys were bought at Dinges' Pennsvalley bargain store, C. Dinges runs it.

—Levi Murray, coachmaker of this place, has patented a device by which a buggy top can be quickly raised or lowered, by simply touching a spring. Competent judges pronounce it a good thing.

—Who sells cheapest goods, clothing, dress-goods, notions, groceries, queensware, fish and salt? All vote that Dinges does that. Stock never allowed to go down, always kept up to have the run of latest styles. Try his check plan and save money.

Never forget that biliousness and constipation are entirely curable with Manalin.

AUDITORS' REPORT

Receipts and expenditures of POTTER TWP. for year ending March 13, 1882.

PETER HOFFER, Overseer.

DR.

1882.		
March 13.		
By Amt Duplicate	$925	35
" Cash J Miess	5	00
	$930	35

CR

1882.		
March 13.		
By Relief to Dan'l Keen	55	21
" Wm. Carson	2	50
" Sam'l Campbell	14	50
" Wm. Tobias	78	00
" Mrs. C Miess	118	00
" Dan'l Fauber, Jr	52	00
" Alex Vogely	7	37
" Mrs Jeff Dresher	65	34
" Pennington Girl	45	00
" Chas. Peterson	119	50
" Geo. Shep	78	00
By Merchandize & drugs	50	53
" Legal service paid	16	00
" Med. ser. Dr. Alexander	30	00
" cash paid W. Emerick	12	00
" Exonerations		30
" cash pd. Robt Lee, estate	94	85
" Per centage on $925	46	25
" Services	45	00
	$930	35

JACOB MIESS, Overseer.

DR.

1882.		
March 13.		
To Amt. Duplicate	$904	92
March 13. CR.		
By Relief A Miller	42	70
" Fike child	128	84
" Eliza Gordan	19	31
" Wm. Bethlehem	113	19
" J. Nevel	71	59
" Wm. Galbraith	31	65
" Sam'l Campbell	127	61
" Wm. Carson	2	00
" David Little	6	97
" Mrs. Carlin	10	99
" Sam'l Cunfer	2	83
" Eliza Pennington	11	60
" Geo. M'Minn	47	00
" Blanch Clover	50	00
" Mrs. C Miess	5	00
By Merchandize	1	35
" Med. ser. Dr. Alexander	30	00
" Exonerations	6	49
" Percentage on $904	45	23
" Services	45	00
" Cash p'd Robt Lee, Estate	99	69
" Balance	5	88
	$904	92

March 13.		
Dr, to balance due township	$	5 88

JOHN FARNER, Supervisor.

1882 Dr

March 13		
To Amt Duplicate	677	01
To Cash from H Rarich	103	21
" James Spangler	110	61
" Balance	206	25
	$1097	08

March 13 Cr		
By work done on roads	595	80
By Exonerations	2	17
By Errors in duplicate	20	25
By New road Allen to Mulbergers	409	00
By Cash paid B Bitner	3	11
By 662 days services	66	75
	$1097	08

March 13		
By balance due him	206	25

PETER RERICH, Supervisor.

1882 Dr

March 13		
To amt duplicate	689	50
To amt from J J Arney	331	55
	$1030	05

March 13 Cr		
By work done on roads	371	16
By lumber for roads	4	65
By cash paid Farner	103	21
By cash paid Auditors	31	00
By 45 1-6 days service	45	20
By balance	474	83
	$1030	05

March 13		
To balance due township	474	83

AUDITORS of Potter township,

1882 Dr

March 13		
To cash for P Rarich	31	00
March 13 Cr		
By auditors fee for 1881	3	00
By room rent D J Meyer	2	00
By F Kurtz printing	15	00
By Stationery		10
By auditors fees 1882	4	50
By balance	6	40
	$31	00

March 13		
To balance due township	6	40

We, the Auditors of Potter township do certify that we have examined and audited the above accounts and found them correct.

A. C. RIPKA
JOHN GROVE } Auditors.
W. B. MINGLE

March 13, 1882.

—On Wednesday, 7, the corpse of an eight year old son of Thomas M'Coy, late of near Centre Hill, now of Houtzdale, was taken through our town for burial at Sprucetown. The cars run over the lad at Houtzdale while carrying dinner to his father.

From the Tyrone *Herald* we get the particulars of the death of a son of T. H. M'Coy, as follows: Frank V. M'Coy, a little son of T. H. and Mary M'Coy, living at Powelton, was killed on Monday, 5th instant. He attempted to jump on a passing freight train, and by some misstep fell under the cars and was run over. His right leg was severed from his body, and his whole frame more or less injured, causing him to suffer intense pain. He remained conscious until he died, about 9 o'clock that night. He was eight years old on Sunday. The family and friends passed through here yesterday morning on their way to Sprucetown cemetery, in Penns Valley, where the remains were interred.

—We are pleased to state that our mercantile friend, James M. Goodheart, started on an important mission to Juniata county, and that he and Miss Rosa Hamilton, a fair resident of Thompsontown were duly united in the holy bonds, in the presence of a number of friends, by the Rev. Mr. Benaugh, of Mifflintown. Our best wishes go with the happy couple.—Lewistown *Item.*

Mr. Goodheart is a native of Pennsvalley, a good looking and clever fellow, and he and his bride have the REPORTER'S congratulations.

—Gen. Brisbin, stationed at Fort Keough, M. T., writes a splashing letter to the *Herald*, on trouting. Think of trout from ½ to 4 lbs, and strings of 50 to 60 pounds caught in a few hours. These are whoppers and it would do us good to see such fellows splash at the end of a line. The general says nothing about musquitoes and gnats—if they are in proportion, then git out with your Montana trout.

— The Presbyterians, on Monday afternoon, played upon their new pastor, Rev. W. K. Foster, what was, no doubt to him, an agreeable surprise. They came in force, invaded his residence, and made him the recipient of an abundance of good things to start housekeeping with—all of which we are pleased to note, and trust he may ever thus be held in loving remembrance by his parishioners.

—On Tuesday, James Fye, while at work in the gravel bank, above town, got into a tight place. The gravel suddenly began to run in on him, and before he could escape it had imbedded him up to his chin, in which predicament he was shortly after found not hurt but badly scared.

—Thieves gained entrance to Mr. Campbell's mill through a back window, near Millheim on Wednesday night of last week, and carried off a lot of corn and chop.

On the farm of J, G. and William Weld and A. A. Stevens, near Utahville, Clearfield county, on Monday last, a five foot vein of coal of the first quality was unearthed.

Mrs, Susan Potter, widow of the late James Potter, who was the father of Captain W. W. Potter, of Bellefonte, died in Chicago, on the 6th instant, aged 81 years. Mrs. Potter was the second wife of James Potter, and therefore a step-mother of Captain Potter. She was a Centre county lady, having been the sister of General James Irvin, whig candidate for Governor, in 1844. She died at the residence of Mrs. Crane, her daughter. She was buried at Madison, Indiana, by the side of her husband.—*Watchman.*

(Gen. Irvin was whig candidate for governor in 1847, not '44.—(Ed. REPORTER.)

MADISONBURG CHIPS.

Warm weather is coming....Corn is not yet all planted....Harvest will soon be here....Katie Fullmer is out again. ....Dr. Lee's horse is sick....Diseases are all leaving us....The members of the Evangelical church are putting a new iron fence around their church, which when finished will be quite an improvement....We understand that Miss Mazie Smull is going to open up a dressmaking establishment in this town. Mazie should be patronized as she is an expert at the business....J. L. Rouse and L. S. Grimm take the cake in fishing, in a single day they captured 32 suckers, 22 catfish and 19 trout; the boys understand it....Our long looked for Indian show has come and gone, and like all such small institutions was an entire failure as it proved a bad sell to our community....We are very favorably impressed with the age and works of Mr. Henry Johnson, yet in the bottom of our heart there is a lingering doubt, but we'll believe rather than hunt the satisfactory proof of his age. Wonder if he helped to build the tower of Babel too, or if he was any place close by when the battle of Jericho was fought? Come Oberlin....Quite a serious accident befell Ammon Bletz, son of William Beltz, while playing with the offbearing car at the saw mill the car run off the track and the boy falling underneath was killed instantly. We extend our sympathy to the bereaved parents....Miss Alice Nestlerode has just returned from Lock Haven, where she had been visiting friends for the past few weeks. MILES.

MARKETS.

Philadelphia, June 12.—Wheat 1,25; corn 80; oats 59.

Spring Mills Market.

Wheat, $1.25
Rye 80c
Corn, ears, per bu. 70 c.
Corn, shelled. 90c.
Oats, 55c.
Buckwheat, 50c.
Barley 75c.
Cloverseed, 4 00 to 4.5 0
Timothy seed, 2.00 to 2.75
Plaster, ground per ton, $9.00
Flour, per bbl $6,00
Butter, 20c.
Tallow, 6c.
Lard, 12.
Ham, 15c.
Shoulders 10c
Bacon or side, 10c
Eggs per doz. 15c
Corrected weekly by I. J. Grenoble

CAUTION.

Having purchased at constable sale the following articles formerly the property of Sam'l Leitzel, viz: 1 dozen chairs, cook stove, coal stove, two corner cupboards, 2 bureaus, 2 looking-glasses, book case, parlor table, 4 beds and bedding, 3 lots of carpet, 1 wagon, spring wagon, sett harness, saddle, 2 pigs, sofa, clock, 3 stands, kitchen table, sewing machine. I will leave the same in his possession at my pleasure and caution all persons not to meddle with the same.

1jun3t DAN'L BARTGES. Penn Hall.

PROCLAMATION NO .2

(HEADQUARTERS.)

Sinking Creek Mills, Pa

I am now ready to announce to the people of Pennsvalley that I have returned from the eastern cities with one of the

LARGEST STOCKS

—OF—

NEW SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS,

ever brought to this section of country, consisting of Dry Goods, Ladies Dress Goods, in all the latest styles,

Ladies fine shoes, Mens and Boys Ready-made Clothing,

CARPETS, OILCLOTH,

Windowshades, Notions, Queensware Glassware, Fresh Fish.

A full line of Grocerice.

COME ONE, COME ALL !

and see for yourselves that this is the BEST and CHEAPEST

STORE

in the Valley.

N. B.—The Highest Prices paid for Produce, such as Eggs, Butter, dried apples, apple butter, Beans and Bacon.

April, 1882. H. STRAUB.

AN INSANE MOTHER'S DEED.

Poisoning Herself and Her Four Children that They May All Go to Heaven.

Chicago, June 10.—When Casper Seyboldt, a baker, who had been working all night, arrived at his home, No. 51 Finnell street, at 5 o'clock this morning he was met at the door by his wife, dressed in a white robe trimmed with lace and ribbons. She seemed scarcely able to stand, and seizing him by the hand, said, with feverish excitement: "Come in, Casper; come in, and see our little children. They are all dead! all our four little children are dead! Gone to Heaven, Casper! See, how pretty they are. Every one has nice flowers for the angels."

For a moment the husband was stunned and thought his wife crazy. He hurried to the bedroom and there laid out, as for burial, were the four children, Matilda, aged twelve years; Anton, aged seven years; Annie, aged two years, and the baby, Agnes, less than four months old. They were dressed in white trimmed with blue ribbons, their hair nicely smoothed back from their foreheads and tied with blue ribbon and in their hands bouquets of fresh flowers. All were dead except Matilda and she was breathing her last.

Mrs. Seyboldt followed her husband into the room and said: "Yes! I sent them all to heaven because God wanted them."

Casper Seyboldt at last recovered sufficiently to realize the awful deed and then hastened across the street and, summoned Mr. Martin, a grocer, who soon procured the services of Dr. Moe, but he could do nothing for the dying girl Matilda. Suddenly they noticed that Mrs. Seyboldt was in convulsions. She was just able to tell the physician that she gave poison to her children first, laid them out and then prepared herself for death, taking the remains of a large dose of strychnine. She died in great agony shortly after 7 o'clock and was laid out beside her children. The motives of the woman in thus killing her children and herself may be gained from the following notes and scraps of writing found this morning. They were written by the oldest child Matilda:

"I wish to all my playmates a better and happier time than I had. So good-by to you all. You are all welcome to the place where I have gone. Remember me." Another paper contained the verses of the hymn, "There is a Happy Land." Another note is addressed to a playmate as follows:

"MARY MURPHY: Please tell Lizzie Martin, Minnie Otten and Lizzie Reymould that I have forgotten their dispute and forgive them. I guess they will feel sorry for it. May they think of me as their friend. TILLY SEYBOLDT."

Other notes read as follows:

"PAPA: Forgive me. We have to leave you. Mamma thought it was the best we could do. I am now in the better land where we will live with freedom.

Your daughter, MATILDA.

"DEAR PAPA: Please bury us decent at Wander's cemetery, that we may all be buried together; that's all I request from you. My knife and money is for your present, and is in the collar box. Buy for Anton, Annie and self flowers from the money I have saved. It is mine. The knife is yours."

"For Mary Murphy; I will tell the story of our trouble. My mother was always sick, you know, and thought of dying often, and thought how if she was dead how we would be treated, and so thought best for all of us to die at once, and bought something to kill us. The baby first, Annie second, Tony third and I after, and then my mother. We did not suffer much and now we are all out of trouble."

"For Rossey Morris; Take the book I've brought home from school. It is not mine. It is the History of the United States. Take it to room five to George Caproni. It is on the lower shelf of the closet."

"This is for Mary and Nell Murphy; my two dear playmates; I wish you a happier and better time than I had. Good-by. You are all welcome."

No cause for the tragedy other than that which the notes convey is known. The family bore a good reputation and no one ever suspected Mrs. Seyboldt of insanity.

DIED.

Mrs, Mary Farner was born the 5th day of March, 1805, died the 5th day of June, 1882, aged 77 years, and 3 months. She was a consistent member of the M. E. church for about forty years. She was faithful in discharge of her duties in attending all means of grace. The family and friends wish to offer their sincere thanks to their neighbors and friends for the kindness shown during her sickness and death.

New Advertisements.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration upon the estate of Hannah M. Chambers, late of Bellefonte, deceased, having been lawfully granted to the undersigned, he would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the estate to make immediate payment and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement. R. G. BRETT, Adm'r, 15jun6t Pine Grove Mills, Pa.

New Brockerhoff House.

BROCKERHOFF HOUSE, ALLEGHENY ST., BELLEFONTE, PA. G. G. McMILLEN, Prop'r. Good Sample Rooms on First Floor. Free Buss to and from all trains. Special rates to witnesses and jurors. 8juntf

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration upon the estate of Robert Lee, late of Potter, twp., dec'd, having been lawfully granted to the undersigned, he would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves indebted to the estate to make immediate payment and those having claims against the same to present the same duly authenticated for settlement,

WM. J. THOMPSON,
May 4 6t. Potters Mills.
Adm. cum test annexo de b. n.

—DINGE'S!—

PLAIN TALK !

TO EVERY BODY.

—||o||—

READ THIS!!

—o—

I will keep up a FULL LINE OF GOODS, right along.

DO NOT FORGET THIS !

I especially call attention to MY STOCK of GROCERIES as being the Equal if not Superior to any in the Valley.

I Guarantee Bargains—I mean that I will sell low, and only ask that people come and satisfy themselves of his from the prices asked.

WILL GIVE AWAY $1000! this year to cash customers, by a System of Checks. Each customer taking a $20 check sums purchased will be punched and when amount is full $1 will be thrown off the $20, besides having your goods lower than sold elsewhere

PENNSVALLEY BANKING CO.

CENTRE HALL, PA.

RECEIVE DEPOSITS and allow Interest; Discount Notes; Buy and Sell Government Securities, Gold and Coupons.

WM. WOLF, President. W. B. MINGLE, Cashier

"If Hancock is elected this establishment will close. If you want your iron mills and all industries dependent upon them brought to a standstill, vote for Hancock," was the argument two years ago of the "business men" who bulldozed their employes into voting for Garfield. The capitalists lost nothing by the defeat of Hancock, but how much the workingmen made by it is told by the numerous "strikes" now going on in the Union.

The Dunkards are having a factional fight among themselves. The trouble is caused by a divided opinion upon the question of dress, one party in favor of following the world fashion, the other opposed to making any change in their costume from the old style that has been in vogue from time whereof the memory of man, woman and child runneth not to the contrary.

THE GREAT

BBB EEE EEE H H I V V EEE
B B E E H H I V V E
BBB EE EE HHH I V V EE
B B E E H H I V V E
BBB EEE EEE H H I V EEE

ONE PRICE STORES

Bellefonte, Pa.

Grand Display of an Entire New Stock of Goods at Prices that defy Competition.

SPRING & SUMMER 1882,

There having been such an unsettled feeling among Importers and Manufacturers of late, we have been especially Exacting in the Purchase of our NEW STOCK.

Having been connected with a Large Wholesale Bussiness for many years in New York gives us an advantage over many others in the purchase of Goods.

Having watched with an eagle eye every opportunity and whenever a concession has been offered, we have taken advantage of it and pitched in.

By marking every article in plain figures and at uniform percentage above cost, our customers always derive the benefit of every bargain that we obtain.

EVERY DEPARTMENT IS NOW COMPLETE.

DRESS GOODS,

SILKS,

PRINTS & DOMESTICS,

Hosiery, Notions and Trimmings,

Linens; White Goods and Laces,

Woosted and Embroideries,

Shoes, Carpets;

Oil Cloths, and Mattings,

Gents Furnishing Goods and

MERCHANT TAILORING.

Permit us to offer thanks to our many patrons for the confidence manifested by them in our mode of doing business.

By sticking to the one price and no misrepresentation plan of offering our goods to the public, we hope to merit an increased continuance of their patronage.

Very Respectfully Yours,

GOLDSMITH & BROTHER,

New York Office } 97 Franklin St. }

FOUR CHILDREN BURNED TO DEATH.

St. Louis, June 6.—A heartrending accident occurred near Harris Station, on the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railroad, on Sunday last. John Jackson and his wife went to church leaving their four children, the eldest fourteen, the youngest two years old, locked in the house. From some unknown cause the house caught fire and when the parents returned they found their dwelling in ruins and their children dead and burned to a crisp.

THE CHICAGO OF THE FUTURE.

The marvellous growth of Chicago is one of the wonders of the century. In the short space of a little more than sixty years it has advanced from a frontier military post, the scene of an Indian massacre, to be one of the great cities of the continent and of the world. At a meeting a few evenigs ago of its oldest inhabitants men were present who helped to organize its first government, who took part in the debate that resulted in asking its charter from the Legislature. To-day it has six hundred thousand inhabitants. One of the orators of the evening—every man is an orator in the West—predicted that Chicago would soon become the second city in the Union, and they wanted to make it the first, which is a very high and laudable ambition. To do this he said they must make Chicago a manufacturing city—a Manchester as well as a Liverpool.

—The best canned and dried fruit, fish, salt, and all first class groceries, at Dinges' cheap store, wholesale and retail. Read his check system of selling goods—it is a capital idea and saves money for the purchaser.

GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS,

HATS AND CAPS.

THESE ARE NEW INVENTIONS—NOVEL, ATTRACTIVE, AMUSING AND DURABLE. THE LATEST AND BEST THINGS OUT.

10,000 to be Given Away !

They are not for sale, we give them away to every purchaser of

—YOUTH'S, BOY'S or CHILD'S SUITS,—

SURE POP and MUSICAL WHIPS and CANES.

A SURE POP WHIP OR CANE, OR MUSICAL WHIP OR CANE. THEY ARE SILK BRAIDED AND ASSORTED COLORS.

Remember only at LEWIN'S PHILADELPHIA BRANCH, Allegheny Street, BELLEFONTE PA

LOOK HERE BOYS.

READY MADE CLOTHING

A Specialty.

The Secret

of the universal success of Brown's Iron Bitters is simply this: It is the best Iron preparation ever made; is compounded on thoroughly scientific, chemical and medicinal principles, and does just what is claimed for it—no more and no less.

By thorough and rapid assimilation with the blood, it reaches every part of the system, healing, purifying and strengthening. Commencing at the foundation it builds up and restores lost health—in no other way can lasting benefit be obtained.

79 Dearborn Ave., Chicago, Nov. 7. I have been a great sufferer from a very weak stomach, heartburn, and dyspepsia in its worst form. Nearly everything I ate gave me distress, and I could eat but little. I have tried everything recommended, have taken the prescriptions of a dozen physicians, but got no relief until I took Brown's Iron Bitters. I feel none of the old troubles, and am a new man. I am getting much stronger, and feel first-rate. I am a railroad engineer, and now make my trips regularly. I can not say too much in praise of your wonderful medicine. D. C. MACK.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS does not contain whiskey or alcohol, and will not blacken the teeth, or cause headache and constipation. It will cure dyspepsia, indigestion, heartburn, sleeplessness, dizziness, nervous debility, weakness, &c.

Use only Brown's Iron Bitters made by Brown Chemical Co., Baltimore. Crossed red lines and trade-mark on wrapper.

UPSET SALE,

Commencing First Week of June.

Scotch people and old-time folks know what is the meaning of an "upset sale." It is a term used when things are to be sold out to close estates, partnerships, etc.

We propose a sale of this nature. The prosperous season so far this year, the largest we ever had, encourages us to

Ring The Bells,

and call the people in to close out before the 4th of July, all of the

$750,000 Men's and Boys' Clothing

WE WANT TO SELL OUT to make purchases for fall.
WE WANT TO SELL OUT to keep plenty work going.
WE WANT TO SELL OUT to make some changes.
WE WANT TO SELL OUT to start again with a new stock.
WE WANT TO SEFL OUT to do a larger business than ever.

We Never Stop At Anything

to carry out our plans when we are in the right, and if the prices must be cut down, to gather the people;

Down Go the Prices.

Even if we sacrifice our profits for one month, the people have done generously by us for many years, and we are satisfied.

In a Nut-Shell, This Is it.

The practical point of all this is a radical reduction in prices from June 1st, They are all cut, some ten, some twenty, some thirty per cent., and some, on goods prepared specially for this sale, not at all. Compared with April 1st the average deduction is twenty-five per cent. Of the $750,000, merchandise now held by us, about $500,000 is involved in this sale. From the great list which might be made we only quote three items today, namely:

3000 pairs of men's Cassimere Pantaloons, made and making, strong, neat, durable, lately worth $3.50 now $2.42.

6000 men's suits, real standard Sawyer's Cassimere, made and making, late price $15.00 now two and a half dollars cheaper.

750 men's suits, eight styles, every garment freshly made, some of them sold freely at twelve dollars now nine and a half.

Our intent to-day is simply to tell all the people that quick trade prices are on all our clothing for this sale.

WANAMAKER & BROWN,

OAK HALL,

S. E. Cor., Sixth & Market Sts.,

PHILADELPHIA.

PARKER'S GINGER TONIC.

A Pure Family Medicine that Invigorates without Intoxicating.

Parker's Hair Balsam.

The Best, Cleanest, and Most Economical Hair Dressing. Never fails to restore the youthful color to gray hair. 50c. and $1 sizes, at druggists.

FLORESTON COLOGNE,

A new and exceeding fragrant and lasting perfume. Price 25 and 50 cents.

If you are a mechanic or farmer, worn out with overwork, or a mother run down by family or household duties try PARKER'S GINGER TONIC.

If you are a lawyer, minister or business man exhausted by mental strain or nervous cares do not take intoxicating stimulants, but use PARKER'S GINGER TONIC.

If you have Dyspepsia, Kidney or Urinary Complaints, or if you are troubled with any disorder of the lungs, stomach, bowels, blood or nerves you can be cured by PARKER'S GINGER TONIC.

There are hundreds of miserable sufferers daily dying from lung, kidney and nervous diseases who might be saved by using PARKER'S GINGER TONIC in time.

If you are wasting away from age, dissipation or any disease take GINGER TONIC at once; it will invigorate and build you up from the first dose. It has saved hundreds of lives: it may save yours. Ask your neighbor or druggist about it, or send for a circular to HISCOX & CO., New York.

50c. and $1 sizes. Great saving in buying dollar size.

HEAVY HAIL STORM.

Laredo, Tex., June 9.—The most severe hail storm that ever was known passed over Laredo to-day. It lasted unceasingly from 6 to 7 o'clock. Hail stones as large as a hen's egg fell. The walls of Babcock's new variety hall fell in, instantly killing Charlie Munster and wounded two others, one dangerously. The roofs of several houses fell, causing damage to goods, the extent of which is not yet known. Great damage, it is feared, has been done to sheep in this country by the storm.

Twelve ice houses belonging to Mrs. Busch, in Indianapolis, were destroyed by fire early one morning. Most of the ice, we guess, was burned to a crisp.

DR. G. W. HOSTERMAN, Dentist, Centre Hall. Office at residence on Church street, opposite Lutheran Church. Will give satisfaction in all branches of his profession. Ether administered. 14apr

WM. A. SANDO
MERCHANT TAILOR,

Shop on corner of Church and Main st. Is prepared to do all kinds of work in his line, on short notice, and good fits guaranteed, according to the latest styles. A large lot of samples always on hand. Workmen of long experienced in his employ. 1nov y

LEWISTOWN
Marble & Granite
WORKS.

D. R. STRATFORD,
Proprietor, Lewistown, Pa.

The undersigned respectfully informs the public of Pennsvalley that he is prepared to do all kinds of work in MARBLE AND GRANITE at

Cheaper Rates Than Elsewhere

Write or call on Clevan Dinges for terms and designs.

I have accepted this agency with the view of introducing the work turned out by the Lewistown Marble & Granite Works.

Confident that I can furnish first class work at greatly reduced prices from what has been usually paid; all work warranted and erected on the graves.

Respectfully,
CLEVAN DINGES.
14octly Centre Hall.

D. F. FORTNEY, Attorney-at-Law, Office in old Conard building, Bellefonte

S. R. PEALE H. A. M'KEE
PEALE & M'KEE, Attorneys-at-law. Office opposite the Court House, Bellefonte, Pa. 15sep tf

DR. S. G. GUTELIUS.—Dentist, Millheim. Offers his professional services to the public. He is prepared to perform all operations in the dental profession. He is now fully prepared to extract teeth absolutely without pain. my 2 78

BUSH HOUSE. W. R. Teller, proprietor, Bellefonte, Pa. Special attention given to country trade. june16y

JOHN BLAIR LINN, Attorney-at-Law, Office on Allegheny street, Bellefont. feb tf

C. T. Alexander. C. M. Bower.
ALEXANDER & BOWER,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
BELLEFONTE, PA.
Office in Garman's new building.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration upon the estate of Catherine Zerby, late of Potter twp., dec'd, having been lawfully granted to the undersigned, he would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the estate to make immediate payment and those having claims against the same to present the same duly authenticated for settlement.

WM. J. THOMPSON,
May 4 6t. Potters Mills, Pa.
Adm. cum test annexo.

LEATHER!

ASK FOR GENESEE SOLE LEATHER IF YOU WANT THE BEST.

Calf Skins, Morocco, Linings, Lasts Thread, Nails, Pegs, Wax, Bristles, and all kinds of Shoe Findings on hand. We also make to order GENTS BOOTS, SHOES and GAITERS from the best of French Leather. Leave your orders and a perfect fit guaranteed.

E. GRAHAM & SON, Bellefonte

JAS. A

Don't Slop Over.

"Don't slop over," the old man said,
As he placed his hand on the young man's head,
"Go it by all means. Go it fast;
Go it while leather and horseshoes last;
Go it while hide and hair on horse
Will hold together. Oh, go it, of course—
Go it as fast as ever you can—
But don't slop over, my dear young man.

"Don't slop over. You'll find, some day,
That keeping an eye to win'ard will pay.
A horse may run a little too long;
A preacher may preach affliction too strong;
A poet who pleases the world with rhymes
May write, and regret it in after-times;
Keep the end of the effort ever in view,
And don't slop over, whatever you do.

"Don't slop over. The wisest of men
Are bound to slop over now and then;
And the wisest, at work or at feast,
Are the very ones that blunder the least.
Those that for spilt milk never wail
Are the ones that carry the steadiest pail.
Wherever you go, go in for the fat,
But don't slop over—and freeze to that.

"Don't slop over. Distrust yourself,
Nor always reach to the highest shelf;
The next to the highest will generally do,
And answer the needs of such as you.
Climb, of course; but always stop
And take your breath this side of the top;
And you will reach it in wind and strong,
Without slopping over. This ends my song."
—*Hingham Journal.*

The Burning Transport

AN ENGLISH NAVAL OFFICER'S STORY.

The fleet lay off "North Fleet Hope," awaiting the flag of Rear-Admiral Coffin, who had been appointed to succeed the gallant Collingwood, and, a heavy gale prevailing at the time, the ships were riding to the wind, regardless of tide, when night closed around us.

Some thirty sail of merchantmen, under convoy of one of our fastest frigates, were anchored in the entrance of the Downs, and between us and them lay two convict ships, while a fleet of transports, with troops for the East Indies, were anchored just astern of us, the largest—the Wellesley—being anchored on our starboard quarter, and scarce three cables' length distant.

Being senior passed midshipman of the old Sovereign at the time, I was honored with supreme command of a whole anchor-watch, and having the first watch that night enjoyed the happiness (?) of strutting the quarter-deck exposed to the wind and rain, while my more humble and consequently more fortunate watchmates sought shelter in the lee of the bulwarks, or, stowed snugly away beneath the guns, whiled away the dreary watch with yarns of dangers and battles past.

It had just struck three bells, and save the measured tread of the sentinels on duty, the pattering of the driving rain and the deep breathings of full six hundred sleepers, scarce a sound broke the silence reigning throughout the vast hull of the old Sovereign. Even I had halted, half-deeming our dreary watch at an end; and, half-supported by the cabin skylight, was indulging in visions of calm repose.

While standing thus, with face averted from the driving storm, a deep red gleam illumined the darkness on our starboard quarter, increasing so rapidly that ere a minute elapsed the upper works, lower mast and yards of the Wellesley were plainly defined in the red glare. In an instant the truth flashed upon me, she was on fire; and bounding to the skylight I shouted:

"Forward, gun-deck of the starboard forward division on the spar-deck! Fire!"

In this one signal gun, and kept continually loaded, so that my order was obeyed in an instant, while I followed up the report with the order, "Bo'sen's mate, pipe all hands to quarters."

The first lieutenant was at my side ere the sound of the mate's shrill whistle had ceased reverberating on our main, gun, and berth decks, when he instantly divined the cause of the alarm, and assuming command, shouted, "Fire! Pipe down all boats! Waist and afterguard, pass the engines up from below! Topmen, hook yard and stay tackles. Forecastle men and sail trimmers, pass the messenger and take to."

In an instant all was bustle and preparation, and ere a lapse of two minutes the report of "messenger passed" was followed by that of "boats all ready;" when Captain Wilmer, who had gained the deck, shouted, "Officers in charge of boats, to your stations! Bo'sen, pipe all boats away!" I sprang from the rail, grasped the yard tackle, and in an instant later landed in the launch, of which I had command. We then fell off, and in a few moments were scudding swiftly toward the burning ship. It is almost needless to add that our example was followed by the various commanders in the fleet, and on dropping alongside the Wellesley we mustered a fleet of some sixty boats capable of accommodating at least nine hundred hands, a larger number, fortunately, than were placed in peril.

The moment the first boat reached the transport the work of debarkation commenced, but owing to the tremendous gale and heavy sea progressed but slowly, while the rapid advance of the fire drove numbers from the deck to seek safety in the sea, from which they were rescued as promptly as possible.

It was truly a thrilling scene. The hull of the transport was evidently converted into a perfect volcano, while from each of her hatches leaped a tongue of flame, which, seizing on her fresh tarred rigging, transformed the whole mass into a delicate tracery of fire, and speedily con-suming it left her taut spars to tumble one after another over the stern, killing and wounding numbers in their descent.

This catastrophe, although resulting in death to many, proved a means of safety to many others who might otherwise have perished, as it established a direct means of communication with many of the boats which could not gain a position alongside. And thus the work went on, boat after boat departing with its load of scorched, half naked and shivering troops, with a light sprinkling of women and children, until nearly all were saved, when the task commenced of lowering the insensible forms of those who had been hurt by the falling spars, in the rush which had taken place on the discovery of the fire, or had fainted from excessive fright.

Our boat being scarce one third full, we hauled alongside to receive our quota of the unfortunate creatures, whom we handled as tenderly as possible, laying them in a tier in the stern-sheets, to the number of ten, when having as many as we could accommodate, we dropped astern, and shipping our oars we made a futile attempt to regain the Royal Sovereign. Finding that we could not gain an inch, I seized upon the first lull in the gale to put the tiller hard up, when the launch swung off, and catching the next sea broad on her bow, careened so heavily that she half-filled, when the second caught her fairly astern, and fortunately righted her, bearing off some eight or ten fathoms on its boiling, bubbling crest, and leaving us in a proper position to scud with safety.

The briny bath exercised a reanimating effect upon several of our insensible cargo, one of whom—a female—betrayed the fact of her restoration by loudly demanding her child.

"My child! my child! Where is my little Edward?" she demanded, in tones of thrilling anguish. "Tell me, for the love of heaven, if any of you have seen my child?"

"Merciful Heaven! what do I hear?—the voice of my benefactress?" exclaimed a young man, who sat on the front part, supporting the form of a young woman, who had evidently received fearful injuries prior to her rescue from the burning wreck. "Is this Mrs. Clifford?" he asked, gently linquishing his insensible burden.

"It is," responded the lady, instantly recognizing the speaker. "Whoever you are you are evidently know me, and must know something of my darling. Oh, have you seen him? Is he safe? Tell me, I conjure you."

"Would to Heaven I could!" exclaimed the man, passionately. "Bill Hunter would be only too happy to prove his gratitude to the benefactress of his wife."

"Oh, Hunter, my child, my Edward, and my husband——"

"Nay, madame, Captain Clifford must be safe," rejoined the man, hastily. "I saw him myself actively employed in removing the insensible from below, and he may have saved the child."

"May have," she repeated; but you not certain, Hunter? Oh, you are not certain, and this suspense is worse than death!" And the poor bereaved mother groaned in her anguish, and clasping her hands over her eyes sat rocking her body to and fro, and uttering that deep, convulsive sob, which betrays so fully a breaking heart.

"And she interceded so eloquently in our behalf that my Susan might accompany me!" murmured the soldier, in an audible tone, as he resumed his seat and his former burden, on the pallid brow of which he pressed a fond kiss, adding, "My poor wife! Would to Heaven you had remained with my parents; you would have escaped this suffering, and perhaps death!" And the gallant fellow bowed his head, concealing his face in his hands, probably to hide the tears which were an honor to his manhood, since called forth by the suffering and probable fate of one who had forsaken friends and home to follow his uncertain fortunes.

A minute later we rounded to under the counter of and received a line from the Delmar transport, alongside of and into which one boat was already discharging her freight of rescued.

"Ship ahoy! Can you accommodate twenty more?" I demanded, as my bowline made fast to him.

"Ay, my lad, a hundred!" was the trumpeted reply. "Haul up, haul up at once, and clear the track for others!"

We obeyed, gaining, with difficulty, a position beneath the gangway, when the debarkation of our freight commenced, the insensible wife of the young soldier being the first attached to the whip I, which the helpless were taken on board. Mrs. Clifford was the second, the soldier having devoted himself to her as soon as he beheld his wife in safety, while I, seizing upon the first opportunity, bounded into the Delmar's main chains, and gained her deck at the moment that the bereaved mother was relieved from the whip, when, recognizing me, she rushed to my side, and grasping my arm, exclaimed: "What shall I do? How shall I discover the fate of my husband and child?"

"You must be quiet, madame," responded I, urgently. "It is impossible to learn anything regarding them just now, or indeed before this gale subsides, when I have no doubt you will find them safe and sound. They may have reached some other vessel ere this. Indeed, 'tis more than probable they have done so, since to my certain knowledge but few of the Wellesley's company are lost."

"Bless you!" said she. "May heaven bless you for your consoling words! Yet I apprehend the worst. Do you think that they have reached this vessel?"

"Probably, madame, but I will ascertain," I replied; and, advancing a few paces with the trembling mother still clinging to my arm, I was about to ask if any one of the rescued answered to the name of Captain Clifford, when the young soldier elbowed his way through the crowd, exclaiming: "Mrs. Clifford! Mrs. Clifford! I have found him!"

"Found whom?" she demanded, wildly. "Whom have you found?"

"Captain Clifford, my dear husband, ma'am—"

"And my child—my Edward? Speak! What of him? But lead me to my husband, he will tell me all."

The young soldier guided her through the crowd in silence; while deeply interested in the meeting about to take place, I followed to where a gentleman in the undress of an infantry officer lay partially supported by a half-naked soldier, his countenance expressing at once the keenest physical anguish and a supreme degree of mental happiness.

"Thank Heaven; you are safe, my beloved Lucy; but where is—"

"Edward! Oh, Father of Mercies! I came to you, my husband, for tidings of our boy. Can it be that you are as ignorant as myself?"

"I never saw him but once after the alarm, Lucy, and then he was in the nurse's arms. She was seeking you; and I, deeming him safe with her—Oh! my child, my child! and I disabled and cannot search for him!"

"In the nurse's arms!" repeated the young soldier. "Why, that was Susan. Did you mean," said he, "you saw Master Edward with my wife, captain?"

"Ay, Hunter," was the reply. "Where is your wife? The child must be with her."

"Alas, no, sir. My wife is here. See—she is insensible," said the young soldier; and as he spoke he bent over the form I had failed to observe, adding, "I found her beneath a prostrate spar, by which she had been struck down, and, wrenching it aside, grasped the precious burden and escaped with it, as you see."

"Then, Lucy, darling, our child is lost!" murmured the stricken officer, gently drawing the crouching form of his wife to his breast, where she fainted, while the young soldier, bounding to his feet, exclaimed: "Not yet! no, no—not yet; not yet! I know the spot where Susan lay. The fire has not reached it yet, and Master Edward must be there if not among the rescued. Who'll go with me to the burning wreck?"

"I will, my man!" I shouted, seized with a wild ambition to aid him in restoring the child to its parents, and grasping his arm I fairly dragged him to the rail, on which I leaned, shouting: "Volunteers for the wreck! Sovereigns, ahoy! A child is left in yonder burning ship! Who will follow me to the rescue!"

The demand was instantly responded to by the unanimous shout of the launch's crew, "Sovereigns to the rescue!" when I turned inboard, shouting, "a lighter boat! In heaven's name let us have a lighter boat!"

"Lower away the gig!" shouted some one on deck, when, pausing no longer, I leaped from the rail into the launch, followed by the intrepid soldier.

Scarce a minute elapsed ere the Delmar's gig was down, and five of my men, the soldier and myself, safely seated on her thwarts, when an unrestrained use of our knives severed the davit-tackles, and we were free.

"Bear her off with your oars, and ship all, my lads!" I exclaimed, vainly endeavoring to find the rudder, when, abandoning the search, I grasped the loom of the after oar, which the soldier had secured, and lent my strength toward the impulsion of the buoyant craft through or over the maddened billows, while from the Delmar's deck came a cheering shout:

"Give way, my lads, my noble hearts, and may Heaven speed you!"

We did give way, each stroke of the oars making the little boat fairly leap from the brine, while the life-boat model on which she was constructed rendered us secure from all danger of being swamped. And it was fortunate for us that her thwarts, stern-sheets and oars were air-tight lockers. Had they been otherwise nothing could have prevented us from going down, inasmuch as we were half-full of water ere we had accomplished half the distance to the wreck.

We had made the passage to the Delmar in the short space of four minutes, but our passage from her to the wreck consumed four times that period and tenfold the exertion, while in a few words the young soldier informed me of the cause of his daring.

He had married without the consent of his colonel, and the regiment being soon after ordered on foreign service, he in vain besought permission for his wife to accompany him. Colonel Ross was inexorable, until his daughter, the young wife of Captain Clifford—espoused the cause of the anguish-stricken Susan, and ventured to intercede in her behalf. He could deny his daughter nothing, so he consented, promising that she should take Susan into her service, by which means he would be spared the charge of suspending an established rule in her case. In this manner had the youthful soldier and his young wife been spared the pain of separation, and in return for that kind intercession he was now proving his gratitude.

At length we reached the burning wreck, when a new difficulty presented itself. How were we to board it? To attempt such a feat to leeward was worse than folly, for the wreck, relieved of its top hamper, rode partly to the ebb, which was now setting strong, heaving the dismantled hull into the trough of the sea, which made frequent breaches over her, retarding the progress of the flames, and preserving almost entire her starboard side.

An attempt to board to windward would have been equal madness, and we were debating upon the feasibility of an attempt to board by the wreck of the mizzen topmast, which hung drooping to the surface, from the stern, when Hunter demanded:

"How near can you go with safety, sir?"

"Within two boats' length," I replied.

"Then sheer in," said he, "and I will swim the rest."

"Nonsense! You couldn't!" responded I, startled by the proposition.

"I have accomplished feats as dangerous for a less momentous object," said he. "I'll try it. I can but fail!"

"Give way gently, men!" said I, avoiding a reply for a moment, in order to consider the proposal in all its bearings, when the boat, losing headway and being to windward, began to close with the wreck.

We were three boats' length, when he dropped his oar and was about to spring, but I restrained him, saying, "Hold on! You will have a better chance by that spar over the stern, but how can you reach the boat if you are fortunate enough to find the child?"

"Let me but find it," he exclaimed, "and I can afford to trust for safety in Him who rules the wind and waves."

We were stern to, and within a boat's length of the wreck at the moment, when signing to the crew to give way, I exclaimed:

"Go, then, in His name, and here's to go with you!"

And the next instant we were both struggling in the hissing brine.

A minute later and we were clambering up the top-mast, from which we passed on deck, where we were obliged to pause, our passage being cut off by the destruction of the main deck from the main hatch aft, a portion of the weather-side forward remaining unscathed.

"If the child lives, unrescued, it is there, sir," said Hunter, indicating a portion of the foremast, with a heap of smoking canvas which lay along the weather-side, just forward the chesstree.

"Follow me, then," said I, briefly; and clambering over the quarter-rail I crawled along outside the bulwark, clinging to the chained hammock rail, until I reached the forward channels, when I bounded inboard, followed by my gallant companion.

"It was here I found my wife; and, thank heaven, the child is here, alive!" he exclaimed, as the faint wail of an infant saluted our ears.

It was but the work of a minute to clear away the mass which concealed the infant, whom we found lying beside the wreck of the spar, while the charred weather rigging had fallen in such a manner as afforded it protection against injury from the feet of those who must have passed and repassed the spot in the hurry and excitement of abandonment.

Hunter clasped the child in his arms, and spurning all my proffers of aid, proceeded me to the taffrail by the same dangerous path we had previously trodden, when the boat being near at hand he fearlessly committed himself and charge to the mercy of the waves. My gallant crew being prepared for the event were ready, and fortunately able to render him prompt and efficient aid, scarce a minute elapsing ere they had him safe on board. My rescue followed, of course, and was effected with greater difficulty, a mountain billow breaking while I was immersed and heading me and the boat asunder, when nearly two minutes passed ere she came within my reach. At length I was in her stern sheets again, and a few minutes later we dropped alongside of the Delmar, where our success was already known, and where our presence was hailed with a general manifestation of joy.

Need I tell you how the sight of that reunion of parents and child rewarded me tenfold for my share in the rescue of the latter! But I must add that I was delighted when Colonel Ross approached the young soldier—as he stood supporting his now conscious wife, and receiving the congratulations of his friends—and extending his hand, which the young man humbly clasped, said:

"Hunter, brave men carry their own reward with them; but, both as your commanding officer and friend, your action of this night claims at my hands a grateful and public acknowledgment. I will see to your future, and to that of your wife."

Although I didn't sleep soundly the remainder of that night, in the hammock swung for me in the ward-room of the Delmar, yet I never retired to rest so perfectly contented with myself and all mankind as on that night, rendered memorable by the burning of the Wellesly transport.

HEALTH HINTS.

BATHING.—Bathing is indispensable to health. It is a preventive of sickness and a remedy for disease. The water-cure people, who believe that water is the cure all, the universal remedy for every ill that flesh is heir to, are not so far wrong; they are on the right track, if they do run it into the ground a little at the far end. For, as the old proverb says, cleanliness is next to godliness, and as we know that the latter virtue is a sure preventive and cure for all disorders of the mind and thought, and keeps the soul pure and clean, so cleanliness is to the body what godliness is to the thought and soul.

FOOD FOR INFANTS.—The French Commissioners on the Hygiene of Infancy, in awarding the prize in a competition of essayists, report that the conclusions generally arrived at lead to the following recommendations: No child should be reared on artificial food when the mother can suckle it, but such food is preferable to placing the child with a wet-nurse, poorly remunerated, and living at her own home. For successfully bringing up an infant by hand the best milk is that of a cow that has recently calved, or similarly of a goat, to which should be added during the first week a half part of water, and subsequently a fourth or less, according to the digestive powers of the child. Glass or earthenware alone should be used. No vulcanized india rubber mouth pieces or vessels containing lead ought to be employed.

A CAUTION.—Boys who are about to run in races or to leap, put on a belt and strap it tightly in order, as they say, to hold in their wind or breath. Workmen who are about to lift weights or carry heavy burdens, put on a belt for the same purpose, their declaration being that it gives support. Actually there is not a figment of truth in this belief. The belt impedes respiration, compresses the abdominal muscles, compresses the muscles of the back, subjecting them to unnecessary friction, and actually impedes motion, besides the other injuries, the use of the belt frequently causes hernia or rupture.—*Dr. Foote's Health Monthly.*

See that you are proud, but let your pride be of the right kind. Be too proud to be lazy, too proud to give up without conquering every difficulty, too proud to be in company that you cannot keep up with in expenses, too proud to be stingy.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Eastern and Middle States.

NINETY thousand emigrants arrived at New York in May—the largest number that ever arrived at that port in one month.

A GREAT iron strike, inaugurated by the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers of the United States, began in the Pittsburg and Wheeling districts. The strike involved over 40,000 men.

THE bulkhead in a drift of the Alta mine at Virginia City, Nev., gave way, letting in a heavy rush of water and drowning six men.

THE strike of the iron workers in the East extended to all parts of the country. At Chicago, Cincinnati, Milwaukee, Louisville and other places, nearly all the mills shut down.

THE Missouri Greenbackers at their State convention in Moberly nominated a full ticket, headed by Congressman T. M. Rice for supreme court judge.

WILLIAM MARSHALL, seventy-six years of age, shot and killed himself with a revolver at Stamford, Conn. He had been suffering from a cancer.

A FRIGHTFUL state of affairs is discovered to have existed on the steamship Nemesis, of the Netherland line, on her recent voyage from Amsterdam, Holland, to New York. Eighteen children died on the sea or in port, the deaths being caused, as is alleged, by bad and insufficient food and the generally brutal conduct of the crew.

IN response to a request of prominent Maine Republicans, inviting him to become a candidate for Congressman-at-Large, James G. Blaine has written a letter declining such nomination on account of "long-neglected private affairs."

A BILL for the counterfeiting of bank notes and coin has been captured by detectives at Philadelphia, together with a man nicknamed "Gopher Bill" and several others who are believed to have been concerned in the business of making counterfeit money.

South and West.

RUBEN LUCAS, a Choctaw Indian, was executed by shooting at Talequah, Indian Territory, for the murder of Thompson McKinley another Choctaw. There had been a feud between the two men. Lucas met his death stoically.

As a policeman was taking D. W. Fresher to the Leadville (Col.) jail on a charge of robbing Robert Bartamoss, the latter appeared on the street and Fresher broke away, drew a revolver, and fired at Bartamoss. The ball hit him in the right breast and passed through his body. Bartamoss stood motionless for a minute, and then, raising a rifle which he was carrying, fired at Fresher, the ball striking him in the heart. Both men dropped dead at the same moment.

THE schooner Industry capsized in Lake Michigan, near St. Joseph, Mich., and all on board, consisting of about ten men, were lost.

FORTY-TWO persons were killed, five wounded and property to the amount of $34,000 stolen by the Apaches during the recent outbreak in Arizona.

CALEB CAMPBELL, a colored man, who had been identified as having attempted an assault on Mrs. Martha Paines, near Blythewood, S. C., was hanged by a crowd of disguised men.

SANDY MATTHEWS (colored) was hanged at Memphis, Tenn., for the murder of another colored man named Polk, who had enticed away his wife. On the same day James E. Harvey was hanged at Carrollton, Ga., for the murder of Arthur McMullan. William L. Moore was to have been hanged at the same time for the murder of John B. Ward, but early in the day took poison and came near dying. He was respited until the next day, when the sentence of the law was carried out.

A MASKED crowd of 100 men at 3 o'clock in the morning came by rail from Ashland, Ky., to Catlettsburg, took George Ellis out of the jail, and returning with him to Ashland, near the place of the murder and outrage of the Gibbons girls last December, hanged him to a sycamore tree. Ellis had just been convicted of manslaughter on the indictment for the murder of these girls. It was his testimony that convicted William Neal and Ellis Craft, who are now in jail at Lexington, Ky. These three men were taken from Catlettsburg under military escort last January, to escape those who were in pursuit.

A THIRTEEN-YEAR-OLD girl was assaulted by three colored men at Butlerville, Ark. The three men were caught, identified by the girl, taken from the officers by a crowd of men and hanged to a tree.

SEVERAL persons were killed and the cotton, wheat and corn crops were completely ruined by a hail storm in Northampton county, N. C.

THE thirteenth annual convention of the International Typographical Union was held at St. Louis, delegates from all parts of the United States and Canada being present.

From Washington.

THE trial of the star route cases began in the Washington criminal court by the impaneling of a jury.

FOR May the government receipts were as follows:

Customs	$18,197,754
Internal revenue	15,504,310
Miscellaneous	2,849,287
Total	$36,551,301

DURING May the public debt was reduced $10,375,441.19. The following is from the debt statement:

Cash in the treasury		$242,103,768 65
Gold certificates outstanding		5,055,420 00
Silver certificates outstanding		66,736,220 00
Certificates of deposit outstanding		12,330,000 00
Refunding certificates outstanding		476,550 00
Legal tenders outstanding		$46,681,016 00
Fractional currency outstanding		7,049,503 77
Cash balance available		141,441,876 69
Denomination.	Pieces.	Value.
Double eagles	55,800	$1,116,000
Eagles	469,000	4,690,000
Half-eagles	351,600	1,758,000
Total gold	876,400	$7,564,000
Standard dollars	2,262,000	$2,262,000
Five cents	582,000	29,100
One cent	2,330,000	23,300
Total minor	2,912,000	$52,400
Total coinage	6,050,400	$9,878,000

CHIEF JUSTICE CARTTER and Judges James and Hagner, constituting the court in banc, have rendered their decision upon the last motion filed by Mr. Reed in Guiteau's behalf. The chief justice delivered the decision, which was as follows: In the case of Guiteau the judges who listened to argument in that case have come to the conclusion that they have exhausted their powers upon it; that they have heard it patiently, fully and fairly, and that a reargument would bring them to no other conclusion than that which they have already arrived at, and they decline to reopen the case for argument.

Foreign News.

LIGHTNING destroyed the poorhouse in the town of Oesthammer, Switzerland, and twenty persons were burned to death.

THE Jewish town of Gorki, Russia, has been almost entirely destroyed by fire.

BRUCK, the English colt, won the grand prix de Paris, the great annual French racing event. Last year this race was won by Mr. Keene's American horse, Foxhall.

GARIBALDI's death created a great sensation in Europe, particularly in Italy and France. The municipal council at Rome and the French chamber of deputies adjourned out of respect to his memory. General Garibaldi's will orders that his body be cremated and the ashes preserved in a porphyry urn near the tomb of his dead child at Caprera.

A BLOODY battle has been fought in Chihuahua, Mexico, between a band of 600 Apaches and a body of 400 Mexican troops. The battle raged for six hours, the Indians fighting with desperation, but being finally defeated with a loss of 37 killed, 100 wounded and 10 prisoners. The Mexicans had one officer and eight men killed, and two officers and twelve men wounded.

MONUMENTS in Garibaldi's honor are to be erected in many European cities.

A CALCUTTA (India) dispatch say that a tribe in the central provinces made war upon another tribe, captured its chief town and murdered over 400 people in cold blood.

FOUR hundred students attacked and wrecked the offices of two clerical newspapers in Rome because one of them had spoken disrespectfully of Garibaldi.

FORTY-SEVENTH CONGRESS.

Senate.

A bill was favorably reported by Mr. Sewell, from the committee on military affairs, to restore Fitz John Porter to the army, with the rank he held before his dismissal. The vote in the committee on the question of favorably reporting the bill was as follows: Yeas—Messrs. Sewell, Cockrell, Maxey, Grover and Hampton. Nay—Mr. Logan. Messrs. Cameron, of Pennsylvania, Harrison and Hawley were absent.... The House army appropriation bill was reported favorably, with amendments, and ordered to be printed.

The army appropriation bill was considered, and an amendment was adopted providing for compulsory retirement at the age of sixty-four.... Bills were reported favorably for the purchase of a site for an extension to the post-office department building, and for an amendment to the Constitution giving the suffrage to women.

House.

The consideration of the Mackey-Dibble contested election case was resumed. Speeches in behalf of Mr. Dibble were made by Mr. Atherton, Mr. Moulton and Mr. Dibble himself. The arguments in behalf of Mr. Mackey were presented by Mr. Ranney, Mr. Jones, of Texas, and Chairman Calkins. The resolutions from the elections committee declaring Mackey entitled to his seat were finally adopted by a vote of 150 to 3, all the Democrats except three refraining from voting, and Mackey was sworn. As soon as Mr. Mackey was sworn in Mr. McLane presented a preamble and resolutions reciting the motions made by Mr. Springer and overruled by the speaker, the appeals which Springer had attempted to enter, but which the speaker had refused to entertain, and declaring that the speaker be censured by the House. A scene of tumult followed. It lasted about twenty minutes, many of the members talking and gesticulating at the same time. Finally the resolutions of censure were tabled by 88 yeas to 153 nays.

The House proceeded to a consideration of the contested election case of Bisbee against Finley, the sitting member, from the Second congressional district of Florida. After debate the seat of Mr. Finley was given to Mr. Bisbee by 141 yeas to 9 nays.

The House considered the Alabama contested election case of Lowe vs. Wheeler, Mr. Wheeler being accorded the floor to close the argument in his own behalf. After further debate Mr. Lowe was given the seat by a vote of 149 yeas to 3 nays....The Senate joint resolution was passed for the printing of the memorial address of James G. Blaine upon the life and character of the late President Garfield.

Following were among the bills introduced: By Mr. Dingley, to provide for the issue of gold certificates; by Mr. Robertson, relinquishing the cotton tax collected in the Mississippi Valley States, and appropriating the same for the permanent improvement of the Mississippi river; by Mr. Curtin, relative to the civil service of the United States. It provides that hereafter appointments to the several departments of the government shall be apportioned among the various congressional districts, the representatives to make their selections in the manner now followed in appointments to the military and naval academies. Mr. Kasson, to refer contested election cases to the court of claims for a judicial ascertainment of the facts at issue.

GARIBALDI.

Death of the Italian Liberator—Account of His Life.

General Giuseppe Garibaldi, "the Washington of Italy," whose death at Caprera closes a long and eventful life, was born at Nice, Italy, July 22, 1807. A son of a sailor, he was to become a sailor himself. He was but a few years old when the movement in which he was subsequently to play so prominent a part began. The Carbonari had begun the work of conspiracy already under Napoleon, and secret societies grew in numbers from year to year. Mazzini, prosecuted and flying to France, established about 1830, at Marseilles, a paper called *La Giovane Italia* (Young Italy). Garibaldi, then a young Piedmontese sailor, joined the secret society of which Mazzini was the leader, and after an attempt to raise an insurrection at Genoa was compelled to take to flight.

A few years later, when revolution broke out in South America, we find him engaged in defending the republic of Rio Grande against Brazil. Now on sea, now on land, he always fought bravely with a band of his countrymen, was wounded, captured by the Brazilians, imprisoned and subjected to torture. In 1843 he became chief of the naval forces of the republicans of Montevideo, consisting of three miserable sloops, and had to fight the squadron of Dictator Rosas under Admiral Brown. He had married than a creole of the province of Saints Catherine, the celebrated Anita, who became not only the mother of his children, but a lieutenant to him. In the battle with that squadron she showed prodigious valor, but after a three days' fight the ammunition was exhausted, and the only thing left to Garibaldi was to turn his craft so as to prevent its capture. He had used the same expedient two years before, when fighting the Brazilians. His life at that time, as he relates it in his "Memoires," savors of the most incredible novels of the sensational catalogue.

His reputation now began to spread in the world at large, for the South American wars began to interest Europe, and the name of Garibaldi came frequently before the public. When, a few years later, the revolution broke out in Europe, he rushed thither and landed at Genoa, evidently expecting that Charles Albert, then fighting the Austrians, would accept his services. Charles Albert knew, however, Garibaldi's republican views, still remembered his condemnation to death and declined his offer. But the committee of public safety of Milan, having just formed several detachments of volunteers, gave him the command of them, and ordered him to march to the relief of Bergamo. This expedition was a failure. Garibaldi retreated toward Como, and the bulk of his volunteers deserted into Switzerland, while he himself escaped to Genoa.

About a year later the revolution broke out in Rome, the pope took to flight, and the republic was proclaimed in the Eternal City. Mazzini, then one of the triumvirs, gave Garibaldi the command of the forces which were to defend Rome against the besieging French army under Oudinot. It was here that he met with his first success on Italian soil, for he not only repulsed Oudinot, but, taking advantage of the temporary armistice concluded at Rome, dashed upon the Neapolitan army encamped at Palestrina, and with less than 3,000 men defeated the whole of it. A few days later, and as the Neapolitans seemed to have reorganized themselves, he attacked them once more at Velletri and so utterly routed them that but for the hesitation of the commander-in-chief (Roselli), acting then in conjunction with him, the whole Neapolitan army might have been destroyed and the king captured. Garibaldi was again wounded in that battle, but had, nevertheless, to hurry to the defense of Rome. The armistice being over, the French resumed their attack with an army of 30,000 men and a powerful siege artillery. The siege, storm and capture of the Eternal City are well remembered. For nearly a month the fearful massacre lasted, ending in the extermination of the greater part of the valiant garrison. On the 31 of July, 1849, Garibaldi had to leave for the mountains with a force of some 3,000 men, in the hope of being able to carry on a partisan war against the French, the Papal forces, the Neapolitans, or the Austrians, as circumstances might command. Sharply pursued, he had to take refuge upon the little neutral State of San Marino. Foreign powers, however, interfered, and compelled the government of San Marino to disperse his forces, and he was himself very much as if he had been a brigand. During his wanderings in search of a safe abode, he one night reached the village of Mandriole, near Ravenna, where two poor peasants, the brothers Ravaglia, gave shelter both to him and to his wife, not knowing who they were. Anita was pregnant and utterly exhausted. She died almost immediately upon her arrival, but the troops pursuing Garibaldi were so near that he dared not lose even the time necessary for her burial.

After no end of tribulations Garibaldi succeeded in safely reaching Genoa, and escaped to the New World, where he landed at New York and established a candle manufactory on Staten Island. Subsequently he went to California, and in 1852 turned up in China, on board a Peruvian brig, the Carmen. Two years later things had sufficiently quieted down in Italy to permit his attempting to return to that country, and he therefore accepted the proposal of an American shipowner to conduct a vessel to Genoa. With the latter he landed, Italian soil he resumed his former activity as a captain in the merchant navy of Piedmont.

In May, 1859, when the war with Austria broke out, Victor Emanuel admitted Garibaldi to the regular army, with the rank of major-general, and put him at the head of a volunteer corps called the Cacciatori delle Alpi—Alpine Jaggers—organized by General Cialdini. In this capacity Garibaldi was the first to put his foot upon the soil of Lombardy to attack Austria. He took within a few days Varese and Como, and pushed the Austrians under General Urban toward Milan. Magenta and Solferino, however, were fought in the war to a close, and after the peace of Villafranca he had to lay down his arms. He was now too popular a man to be afraid of any prosecution; on the other hand, the success which he had obtained encouraged him to further action, and so he immediately started for Modena and Parma, and began to agitate these Duchies in favor of annexation to Piedmont. He had been a seat in parliament, and made a fierce attack on Cavour at the time the Savoy and Nice question was discussed. It was naturally a great offense to him that his native place should be lost to his country; and the surrender of Savoy and Nice was the main cause of that bitter animosity which ever after existed between him and the great Italian minister. He would not take the slightest notice of the agreement of Plombieres, in which the annexation had been stipulated as the price of French alliance.

In 1860, when the revolt broke out in Sicily against the Neapolitan rule, Garibaldi got up an expedition on his own account, notwithstanding the efforts of Victor Emanuel to put a stop to it. Two steamers, the Piemonte and the Lombarde, embarked about a thousand volunteers of all nationalities, who landed in a few days at Marsala, captured Palermo, and by July of the same year rendered Garibaldi actually master of the whole of Sicily. He was proclaimed dictator, and a few weeks later, notwithstanding all the protests and efforts of the European powers to preserve the Bourbon rule in Naples, he crossed the Straits and entered that city. His fame had now reached its climax, though the Sicilian and Neapolitan campaigns were probably the least adventurous and dashing of all he had undertaken. The animosity toward the Bourbons of Naples was so great throughout their dominions that their soldiers deserted the ranks, and the population everywhere opened the gates to Garibaldi with tokens of the greatest enthusiasm.

The dictator was always devoted to Victor Emanuel, and had no personal ambition beyond that of generously and nobly serving his country. He was therefore easily induced to lay the newly liberated provinces at the feet of the king of Piedmont. Five millions of Italians had proclaimed Garibaldi their liberator; the work he had done he did all alone without aid from the king; on the contrary, with opposition from him; yet he entered Naples with the cry of "Long live Italy and King Victor Emanuel," and a few weeks later the whole south of the peninsular was added to the dominions of the House of Savoy. On the 21st of October a plebiscitum was held in the kingdom of the Two Sicilies. Almost everybody voted in favor of Victor Emanuel, and he made his entry into the city seated in a carriage by the side of Garibaldi, who, immediately after the ceremony was over, retired to Caprera in the modest capacity of president of the Committee for the Liberation of Rome and Venice.

For nearly two years the great patriot remained quiet, writing now and then manifestos or proclamations in favor of Poland and other oppressed nationalities. In August, 1862, pressed by Mazzini and the party of action, Garibaldi undertook an expedition to Rome. After having once more reached Calabria, he marched on Reggio with some 2,000 men, but was met by Cialdini, who repulsed him and drove him back to Aspromonte, where he was attacked by Pallavicini, severely wounded, transported to Spezzia and subsequently to Pisa. This was practically the end of Garibaldi's career.

In 1864 he made a voyage to England, where he was received with the greatest enthusiasm that had ever been bestowed on any stranger visiting that country. After his return he lived almost constantly on his little island, until his death of bronchitis. Garibaldi, in the prime of life, was of middle stature, with broad and square shoulders, herculean limbs, long brown hair, and beard slightly gray; a heavy and strong step, sailor-like air and manner of speaking. The most characteristic part of his costume was the famous red shirt he wore in the Italian campaigns.

Of Garibaldi's three children, the two young men have both distinguished themselves for valiant conduct on the battlefield. His daughter, Teresita, married one of her father's officers, Colonel Canzio. Garibaldi was married a second time, to a lady from whom he was mysteriously separated immediately after the ceremony, and with whom he never lived. It is recorded that he was wounded thirty times, between the encounter on the River de la Plata with Brazilians during his young manhood, and the encounter with the papal troops in 1870.

FACTS AND COMMENTS.

A HOOSIER youth named Gosley or Gosling, probably the latter, saw a girl at church, courted her two hours, and at the end of three was married to her. The Detroit *Free Press* thinks a man who does up all his courting in two hours and then marries misses lots of fun. It's like stuffing himself with peaches and cream in five minutes and then having dyspepsia the rest of the year.

THE city of Texarkana is a phenomenal city. It lies in the two States of Texas and Arkansas; hence its name. The State line runs through the center of its chief street, and on each side is a population of 3,000. It is considered the gateway of the Southwest. It is only eight years old, but has all the airs of a city of twenty-five years. Four railroad lines center there. It has an Italian-like climate, tramps are not tolerated, the Sunday law is enforced, money is plenty and the people are prosperous.

AUGUST and the ancient city of Karanovatz, in Servia, will witness a singular ceremony in the crowning of King Milan I. of Servia. In the monastery of Siezi in that city seven Servian kings of the Nemanich dynasty have been crowned, a new opening having been made at each coronation through the outer wall, whence, as it was broken away, issued the newly crowned monarch, sword in hand, and on his head the "diadem of Dusban." Siezi has long been called "the Cloister of the Seven Doors," and now an eighth opening is to be made in the old wall for the first sovereign of the Obrenovich dynasty.

There can be no doubt that the emigration of the Jews has reached dimensions which make the movement not only a serious economic blow to Russia, but a grave difficulty to her neighbors. The emigrants who are pouring into Galicia, though they might have been producing wealth in the country of their birth, are in the first instance, at any rate, a cause of poverty to the country in which they take refuge, homeless, penniless and abused. Protests have been raised both in the Hungarian and Austrian parliaments, and the government has been loudly appealed to to insist upon the better protection of its Jewish subjects by the Russian government, not so much from motives of humanity as from motives of self-preservation on the part of the protes